

THE  
Theater of MUSIC:

OR, A

Choice COLLECTION of the newest and best SONGS  
Sung at the COURT, and Public THEATERS.

The Words composed by the most ingenious Wits of the Age, and set to  
MUSIC by the greatest Masters in that Science.

WITH

A Thorow-Bass to each SONG for the Harpsichord, Theorbo, or Bass-Viol.

The FOURTH and LAST BOOK.

A



LONDON,

Printed by B. Motte, for Henry Playford, at his Shop near the Temple Church, 1687.

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IN COMMENDATION of this BOOK.

**O**H for a Muse Divine, such Sacred Skill,  
As does th'Immortal Seats with Anthems fill!  
That justly (Music) might thy Praise rehearse,  
Apollo's self must give those Numbers force,  
The God of Music is the God of Verse.  
What Charms, alas! can our dead Rhimes impart,  
Without th'inspiring Great Musician's Art?  
But when the Vital Air his Genius gives,  
The Tuneful Stanza from that moment lives.  
Had never Orpheus Music understood,  
His Rhimes had fail'd to charm the stupid Wood:  
The senseless Stones had ne'er obey'd his Call,  
Nor dar'd themselves into the Theban Wall.

Then let our nobler Bards this Subject chuse,  
The Praise of Music best deserves their Muse.  
Why shou'd some vain Cocquet employ your Flame,  
Or why some undeserving Patron's Name?  
Expos'd in both Attempts to this sure Curse,  
She jilts your Passion, and he barks your Purse.  
Mark but the upshot of your flatt'ring Trade;  
For after all the Daubing you have laid,  
They get no Fame, but you are Scandals made.  
Not all your Arts the World's just sense can Null,  
For that will still believe ———  
Your Miss a Dowdy, and your Patron Dull.

Nath. Tate.

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LICENSED,

Rob. Midgley.

October 23. 1686.

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TO ALL  
Lovers and Understanders  
OF  
MUSIC.

GENTLEMEN,



HIS Fourth and Last Book of the Theater of Music, or, A New and Choice Collection of Songs and Dialogues, will (I doubt not) be very acceptable to all knowing Gentlemen in the Skill of Music, for several Reasons I here mention: First, That most of these Songs and Dialogues were Composed by the Eminent Dr. John Blow, and Mr. Henry Purcell, my ever kind Friends, and several other able Masters, from whom I received true Copies, which were by them perused, before they were put to the Press. Secondly, That here is added two excellent Songs long since out of Print, viz. *Go Perjur'd Man*, set by Dr. Blow; and that Dialogue, *When Death shall part us from our Kids*, set by Mr. Matthew Lock; which two are here (with much Care) exactly true printed, by the Diligent Pains of my Father Mr. John Playford, whose known Skill for printing of Musick, our Nation is not ignorant. And lastly, This excellent Book may be joyn'd and bound with the three former, will make a compleat Volume: Notwithstanding all this Care and Pains, I must expect some of our New Pretenders to Publish and Print Music, will be disparaging this Book, thereby to gain Credit and Custom to their own: But I pass them over in Charity, with *Go on and Prosper*; not doubting, but this (when it comes to the hands of Judicious Gentlemen, and Understanders of Music) they will find the difference; to whose Judgments I submit, and shall always endeavour to express my self,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most humble Servant,

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Hen first my Shep—her—deſs and I, en-joy'd with mutual



Love; ſhe wou'd a thouſand Deaths to dye, before ſhe falſe wou'd prove: Then in a coo-ing

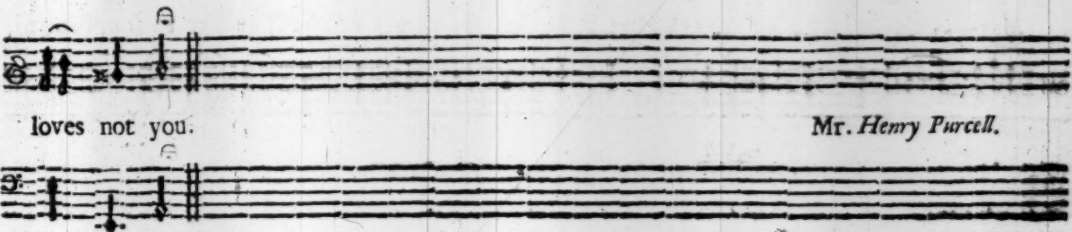


Tone ſhe cry'd, My *Damon*, ſtill prove true! May *Damon* dye, I ſoon reply'd, when e're he



loves not you.

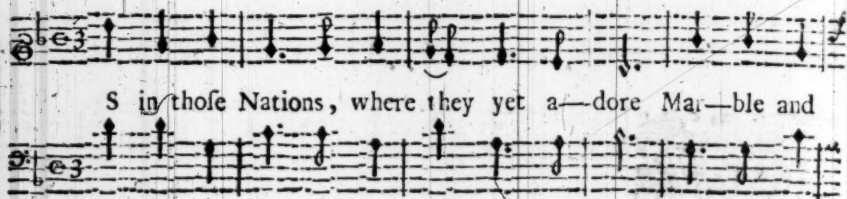
Mr. Henry Purcell.



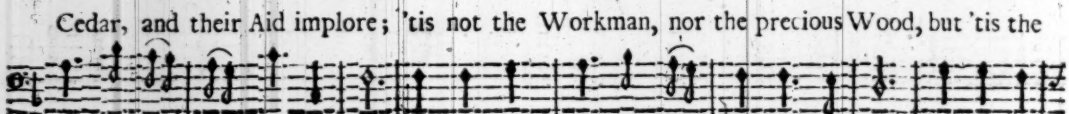
## II.

But oh! too ſoon *Myrilla* came,  
By chance into the Plain;  
*Amin*a then was not the ſame,  
For all her Vows were vain:  
Yet with freſh Charms ſhe did renew  
The Vows, my Eyes to blind;  
I wiſh'd, but cou'd not think them true,  
She being of Womankind.

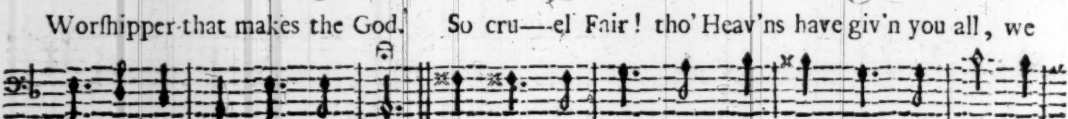




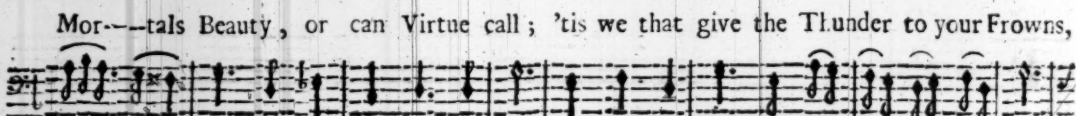
S in those Nations, where they yet a—dore Mar—ble and



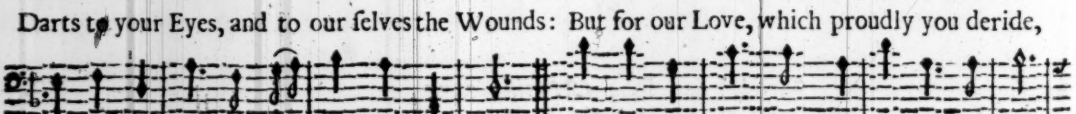
Cedar, and their Aid implore; 'tis not the Workman, nor the precious Wood, but 'tis the



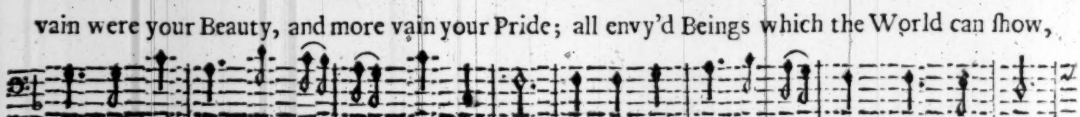
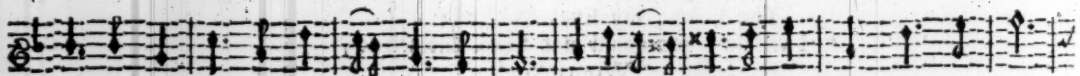
Worshipper—that makes the God. So cru—el Fair! tho' Heav'ns have giv'n you all, we



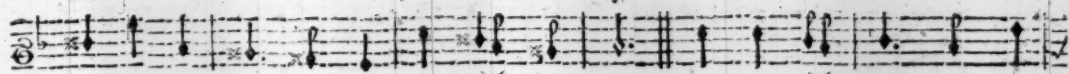
Mor—tals Beauty, or can Virtue call; 'tis we that give the Thunder to your Frowns,



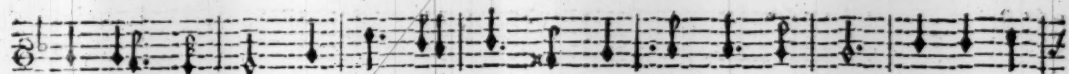
Darts to your Eyes, and to our selves the Wounds: But for our Love, which proudly you deride,



vain were your Beauty, and more vain your Pride; all envy'd Beings which the World can show,



un-to some mea-ner thing their Greatness owe. Sub-jects make Kings, and we



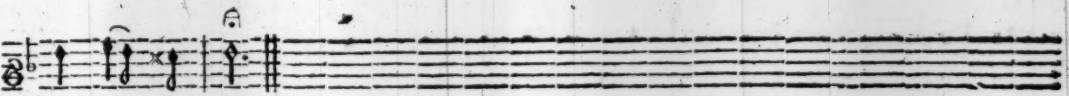
the num'rous Train of hum-ble Lo-vers, con-sti-tute the Reign: This on-ly



diff'rence, Beauty's Realm can boast, where most its Fa-vours it en-fla-veth most;



and they to whom it's most in-dul-gent found, are al-ways in the fu-



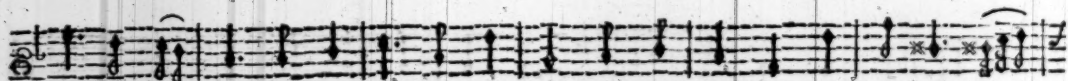
rest Fetters bound.

Mr. William Turner.





*O-rin-na*, with In-no-cence, Beau-ty, and Wit, ev'-ry



Sence does in-vade, and my Reason persua-de, and with Pleasure compells me . my



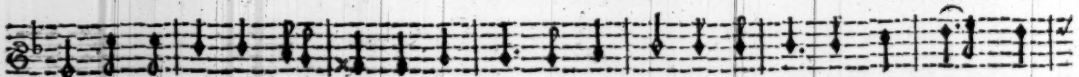
Freedom to quit; tho' my Tongue has pre-ten-ded to serve and a-dore, I find my Heart



ne're was in earnest before: But so bright are her Charms, all my Hope. I distrust, my



want of Desert makes my Je-a-lou-sie just; if the Joys her Eyes promise I ne're must ob-



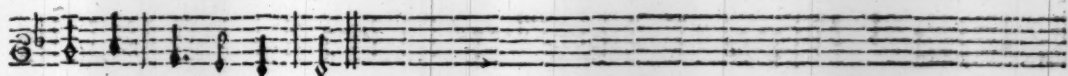
tain, let 'em quickly de-ter-mine my Doubts by Disdain, I am ne're of those Fools who





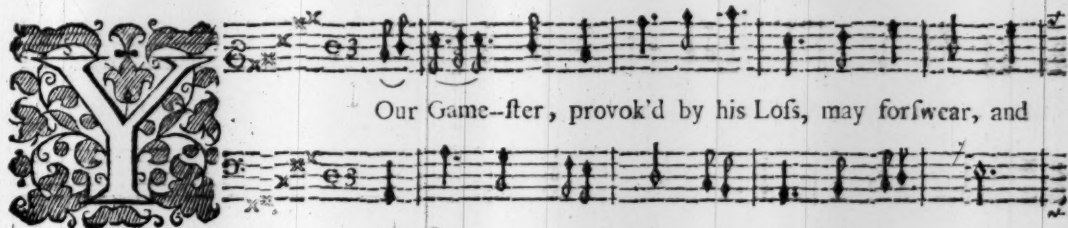


can sigh and complain: But if she can betray me-my Fate, let me meet, let me live in her



Arms, or dye at her Feet.

Mr. Samuel Aberoyde.



Our Game-ster, provok'd by his Loss, may forswear, and



rayl against Play, yet can ne-ver for-bear; de-lu-ded with Hopes, what is



lost may be won, in passion plays on, 'till at last he's undone.

Mr. J. Reading.



I I.

So I, who have often declaim'd the fond pain;  
Of those fatal wounds which Love gets by disdain;  
Seduc'd by the charms of your Looks, am drawn in,  
To expose my poor Heart to those Dangers agen.

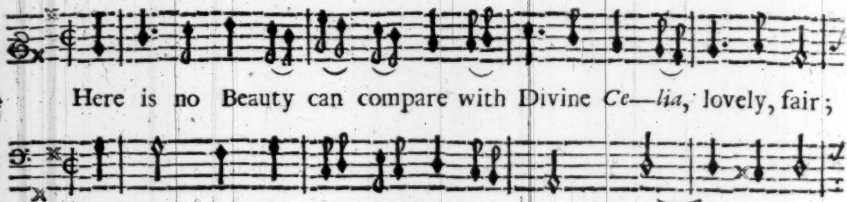
I I I.

Clarissa, I live on the hopes of my Love,  
Which flatters me so, that you kinder will prove;

In some lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee,  
And rout all your Forces in Arms to' destroy me.

I V.

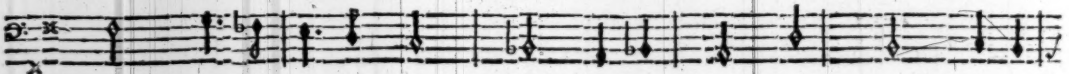
My Fortune I hope is reserv'd for this cast,  
To make me a savor for all my Life past;  
Be lucky this once, Dice! 'tis all I implore,  
I'll gladly tye up then, and tempt you no more.



Here is no Beauty can compare with Divine Ce—lia, lovely, fair ;

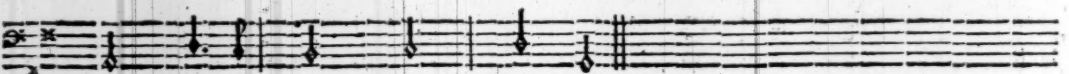


from those bright dazling Suns, her Eyes, fond Li—ber—ty af—frigh—ted flies : And Love it self en—



thrall'd remains, a Captive in her Golden Chains.

Mr. Robert King.



II.

Her Voice so sweet, that Mortal Ears  
It charms, like Music of the Spheres ;  
Enquire not for a greater Bliss,  
She's a Terrestrial Paradise :  
Cupid resigns his Shafts to her,  
Whose Beauty is Love's Conquerour.

A Song in Commendation of CLARET.

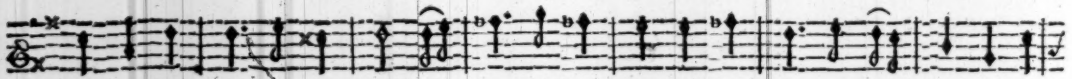
A. 2. Voc.



Risk Claret's the Prince and the Topper of Wines, the Soul of the



Brisk Claret's the Prince and the Topper of Wines, &c.

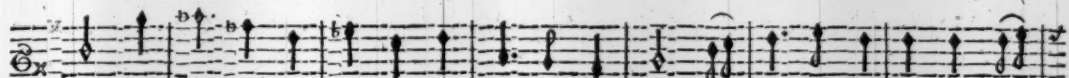


Poet, and Life of his Lines ; there's none but adores thee that understands Drinking, for





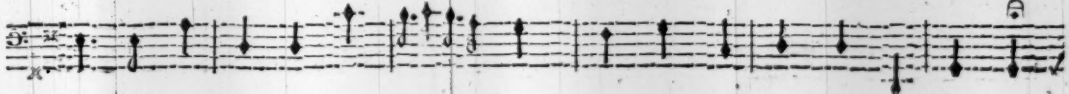
nothing like Claret helps Writing or Thinking: Who e-ver a-buse thee, we'll sing in thy



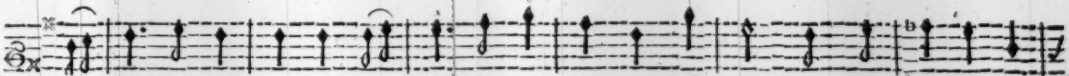
Praise, we'll ne-ver re-fuse thee, who e-ver gain-fays; we dai-ly will drink thee, our



Veins to re-ple-nish, let Whores and their Cullies drink White-wine and Rhenish.



CHORUS. A. 3. Voc.



We dai-ly will drink thee, our Veins to re-ple-nish, let Whores and their Cullies drink



We dai-ly will drink thee, our Veins to re-ple-nish, let Whores and their Cullies drink



We dai-ly will drink thee, our Veins to re-ple-nish, let Whores and their Cullies drink



White-wine and Rhenish, let Whores and their Cullies drink White-wine and Rhenish.



White-wine and Rhenish, let Whores and their Cullies drink White-wine and Rhenish.



White-wine and Rhenish, let Whores and their Cullies drink White-wine and Rhenish.





Ow lovely's a Woman before she's enjoy'd, when the Spirits are

strong, and the Fancy not cloy'd! we admire ev'ry Part, tho' never so plain, which when

throughly possesst, we quickly disdain.

*Mr. John Reading.*

II.

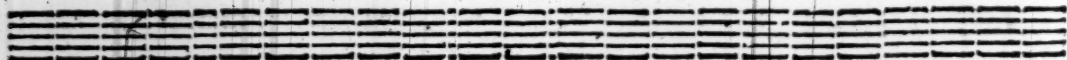
So Drinking we love too, just at the same rate,  
For when we are at it, we foolishly prate  
What Acts we have done, and set up for Wit,  
But next morning's Pains our Pleasure do quit.

III.

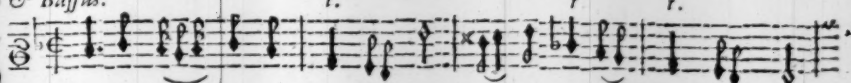
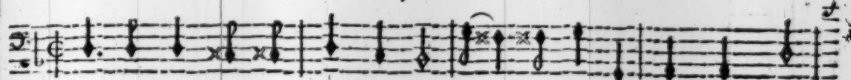
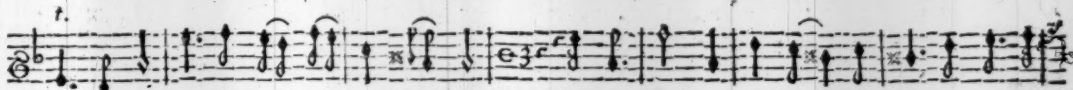
But Music's a Pleasure, that tyres not so soon,  
'Tis pleasant in Mornings, 'tis welcom at Noon;  
'Tis charming at Nights, to sing *Catches* in Parts,  
It diverts our dull Hours, and rejoyces our Hearts.

IV.

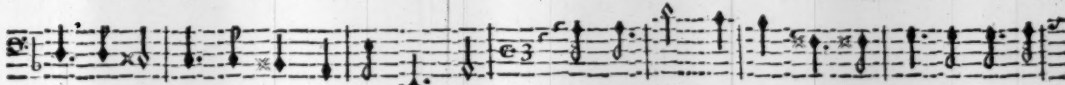
But Music alone, without Women and Wine,  
Will govern but dully, tho' never so fine;  
Therefore by consent we'll enjoy them all three,  
Wine and Music for you, and the Women for me.



A. 2 Voc. Cantus &amp; Bassus.

Et am I by the Women told, poor *Anacreon*, thou grow'st old!Oft am I by the Women told, poor *Anacreon*, thou grow'st old!lock how thy Hairs are fal—ling all, poor *A—na—creon*, how they fall! whether I growlock how thy Hairs are fal—ling all, poor *A—na—creon*, how they fall! whether I grow

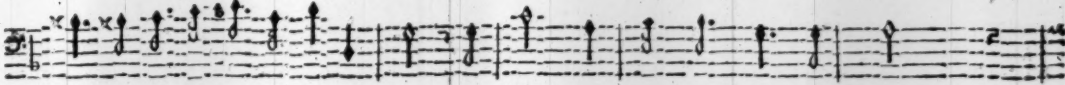
old or no, by th'effects I do not know: This I know without be—ing told, 'tis time to



old or no, by th'effects I do not know: This I know without be—ing told, 'tis time to



live, if I grow old; 'tis time short Pleasures now to take, of lit-tle



live, 'tis time to live, if I grow old; 'tis time short Pleasures now to take,



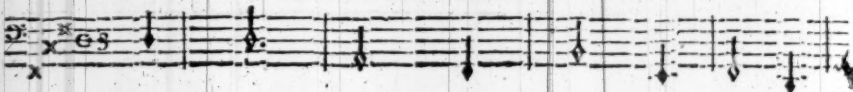
Life the best to make, of little Life the best to make, and manage wisely the last Stake.



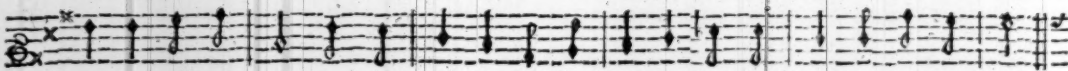
of little Life the best to make, the best to make, and manage wisely the last Stake.

## A DIALOGUE betwixt Philander and Sylvia.

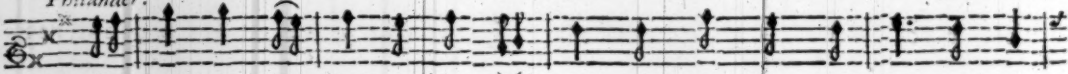
Philander.

IN a Defert in *Greenland*, where the Sun ne're casts an Eye, in con-

Sylvia.

tempt of all the World, I cou'd live with thee my Joy. On the Sands of scorched *Affric*, where theSun-burnt Natives fry; blest with thee, my dear *Philander*, I cou'd chuse to live and dye.

Philander.



No Nymph, with her sly sub-tle Art, e're shall have pow'r to steal my Heart;



thou art all in all in ev'ry part, each Vein of rae shall e-ver be panting for love of thee.



Sylvia.



No Swain, with his Wit, Wealth, or Art, e're shall have pow'r to storm my Heart;





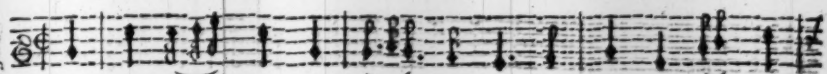
[ II ]



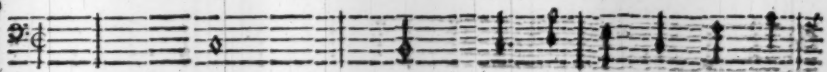
thou art all in all in ev'ry part, each Vein of me shall e—ver be panting for love of thee.



Mr. William Aylworth.



Lov'd young *Phillis*, fair and gay, her Beauty blooming,



fresh as *May*; then, oh then! I lov'd her so, I did all o—ther Joies forego: But



now, a—las! her Beauty's gone, and with it too my Heart is flown. But this my only

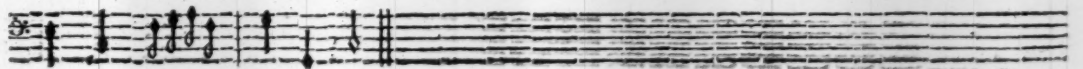


comfort is, I often, of-ten, told her this, a certain truth, which now she'l prove, That



none, when Beauty's gon, will Love.

Mr. John Roffey.





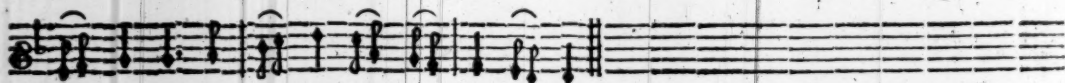
H Strephon! that I were but sure, thy Love, like mine, cou'd



still endure; that Time and Absence, which destroys the Cares of Lovers, and their Joys, might



never rob me of that part, which you have giv'n me of your Heart; others unenvy'd



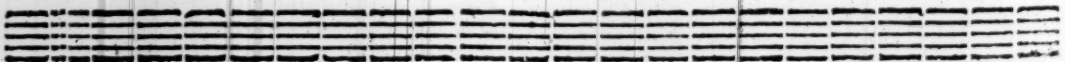
might possess, what e—ver they call Happiness.

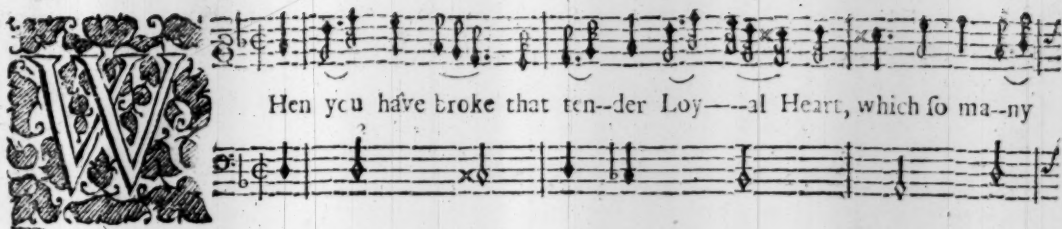
Mr. John Roffey.



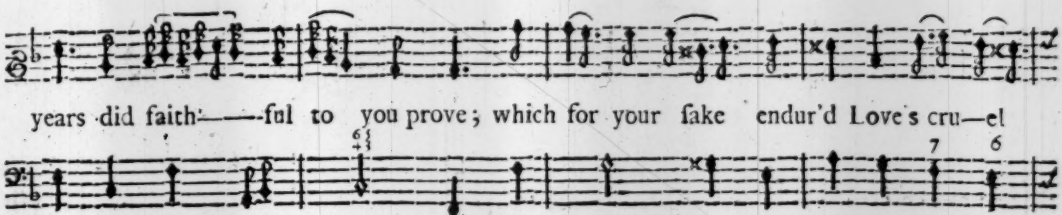
II.

If we, like Turtles, cou'd retire,  
With equal constancy and fire,  
And in some cool and lovely Grove,  
By lasting heighten still our Love;  
How gladly cou'd we banish thence  
The busie World's Impertinence!  
And all the time we have to spare,  
Make Love our Business, and our Care.





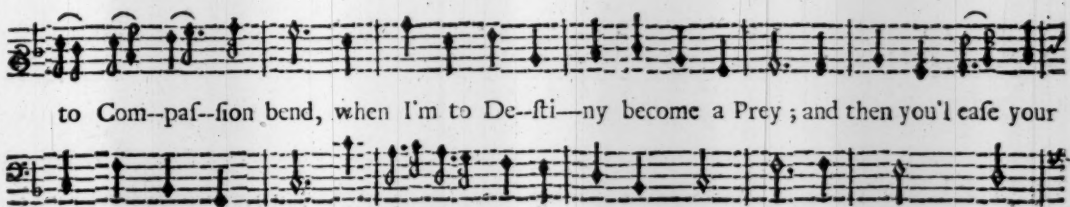
When you have broke that ten-der Loy-al Heart, which so ma-ny



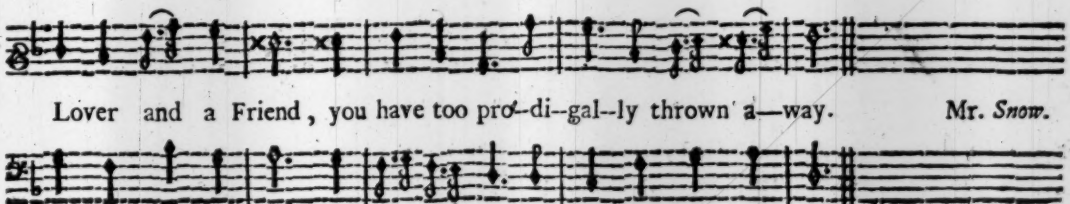
years did faith-ful to you prove; which for your sake endur'd Love's cru-el



smart, and when you scorn'd, made no re--turn but Love: You then, perhaps, will



to Com-pas-sion bend, when I'm to De-sti-ny become a Prey; and then you'll ease your



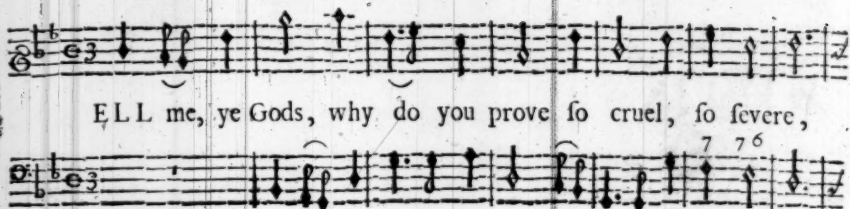
Lover and a Friend, you have too pro-di-gal-ly thrown a-way.

Mr. Snow.

II.

Then that soft Nature Women always share,  
Will be as much your Bane, as Love was mine;  
You'll sigh in vain, and drop a fruitless Tear,  
And at th' irrevocable Loss repine:  
My Love before those Eyes shall still appear,  
Which gave its Being, and did ruine me;  
And you, who ne're cou'd love, shall always fear,  
This Vengeance shall attend your Cruelty.





ELL me, ye Gods, why do you prove so cruel, so severe,



to make me burn in flames of Love, then throw me in Despair? Tell me, what Pleasure

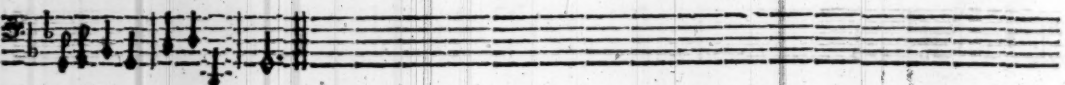


do you find, to force tor-men-ting Fate; to make my Syl-via first seem kind, then



vow perpetual Hate?

Mr. Gore.



### II.

Once gentle *Sylvia* did inspire,  
With her bewitching Eyes;  
Oft with a Kiss she'd fan that Fire,  
Which from her Charms arise:  
With her Diviner Looks she'd bless,  
And with her Smiles revive;  
When she was kind, who could express  
The Extasies of Life?

### III.

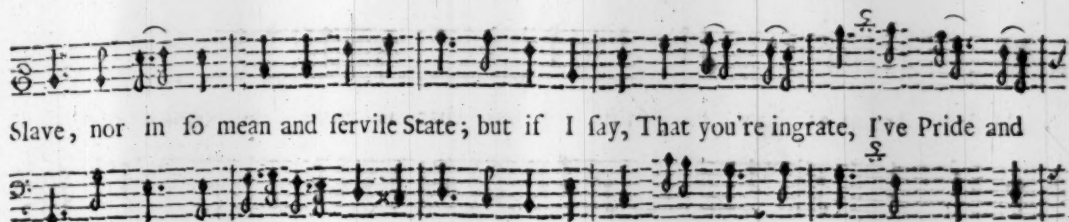
But now I read my fatal Doom,  
All hopes now disappear;  
Smiles are converted to a Frown,  
And Vows neglected are:  
No more kind Looks she will impart,  
No longer will endure  
The tender Passion of my Heart,  
Which none but she can cure.

### IV.

Ah cruel, false, perfidious Maid!  
Are these Rewards of Love?  
When you have thus my Heart betray'd,  
Will you then faithless prove?  
'Tis pity such an Angel's Face  
Shou'd so much perjur'd be;  
And blast each captivating Grace,  
By being false to me.

### V.

Return, return, e're 'tis too late,  
The God of Love appease;  
Lest you too soon do meet your Fate,  
And fall a Sacrifice:  
Despise not then a proffer'd Heart,  
But mighty Love obey;  
For Age will ruine all your Art,  
And Beauty will decay.



Mr. Snow.

II.

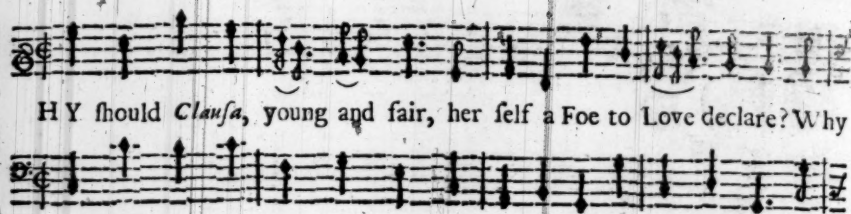
I scorn to Grieve or Sigh for one  
That does my Tears neglect;  
If in your Looks my Coldness were,  
Or desire of Change appear,  
I can your Vows your Love and you reject.

III.

What refin'd Madness wou'd it be,  
With Tears to dim those Eyes;  
Whose Rays it Grief doth not rebate,  
Each Hour new Lovers might create,  
And with each Look gain a more glorious Prize.

IV.

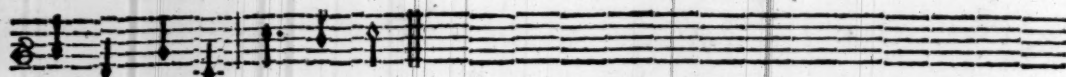
Then do not think with Frowns to fright,  
Or threaten me with Hate;  
For I can be as cold as you,  
Disdain as much, and proudly too,  
And break my Chains in spite of Love or Fate.



HY should *Clausa*, young and fair, her self a Foe to Love declare? Why

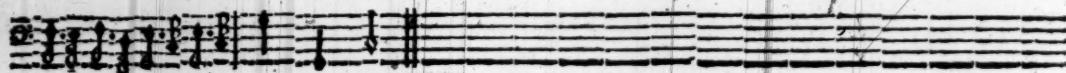


should such Charms as hers be giv'n, to one that is more deaf than Heav'n, to



one that is more deaf than Heav'n.

Mr. Snow.



II.

Pray'rs and Tears will there prevail,  
But here our best Endeavours fail;  
To her each Shepherd sighs in vain,  
Whilst she's regardless of their Pain,  
✂ Whilst she's regardless of their Pain.

III.

Passes her pleasing Hours away,  
With a Contempt of all they say;  
Thus poor neglected *Strephon* eyes,  
Falls to her Scorn a Sacrifice;  
✂ Falls to her Scorn a Sacrifice.







Long wrestling with an An-gel's form, I've almost weather'd out the



Storm; and made the bright *Au-re-lia* yield, to pi-ty one her Frowns had kill'd: But Pi-ty



beaming from her Eyes, has made the Wretch, tho' dead, to rise; but Pi-ty beaming



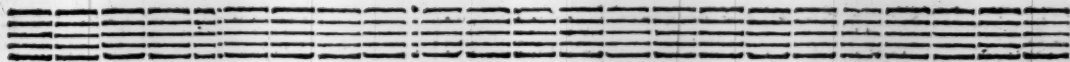
from her Eyes, has made the Wretch, tho' dead, to rise.

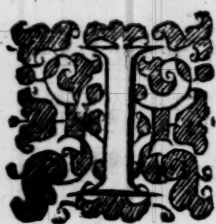
Mr. Courville.



II.

All her Words exprefs her kind,  
All her Actions speaks her Mind;  
Ten thousand ways she Love betray,  
And to her *Strephon* Heav'n display:  
Happy I dy'd, fince from my Duft  
I rife to the Honour of the Juft.  
Happy I dy'd, &c.





N th' Evening's Dawn, when Nymphs and Swains fold their Flocks up-

on the Plains, and then re-tire in—to the Grove, to Dance and Sing, and

talk of Love; there a—lone *Srephon* fate, and thus he did be—moan his Fate:

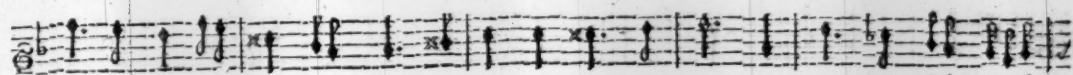
Why, oh why shou'd *Phil—lis* be to all the World so gay and free, and

yet so cold, and yet so cold, so wond'rous cold to me; and yet so cold, and

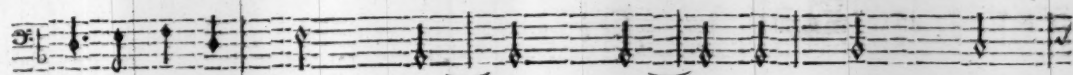
yet so cold, so wond'rous cold to me? The Nymph who now was fet among



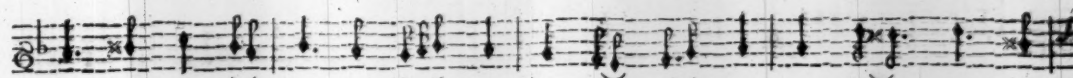
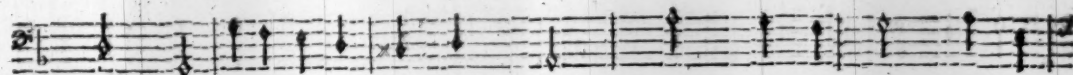
Swains and Nymphs, a mer--ry Throng, with ma--ny Lo--vers by her Side, the



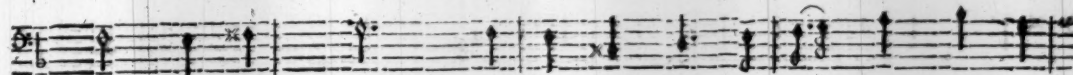
me--lan--cho--ly *Stre--phon* spy'd; she rose and left the Crowd, and thus ac--cofts the



Swain a--lud: O *Strephon*! sure that Nymph, said she, must hap--py, ve--ry hap--py

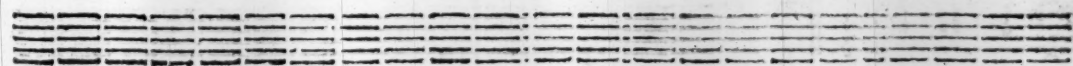
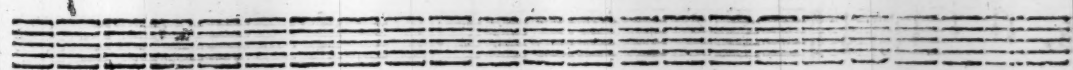


be, that can provoke, that can provoke such se--rious Thoughts in thee, that



ca-----n provoke such se--rious Thoughts in thee.

Mr. George Hart.





# The W H E T.

[ 20 ]

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



Inc, Wine in a Morning makes us youthful and gay, like

Wine, Wine in a Morning, &c.

Eagles we soar in the Pride of the Day, Gouty Sots of the Night on-ly find a De-

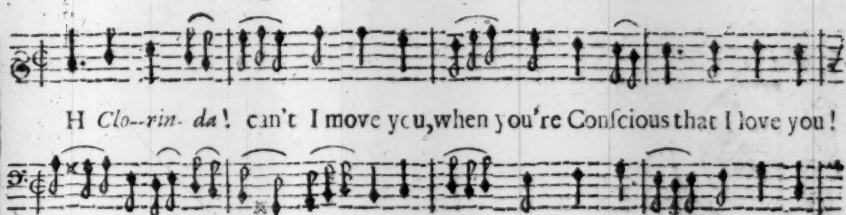
day; Gouty Sots of the Night on-ly find a De-cay. 'Tis the Sun ripens the

Grape, and for Drin-king gives Light, we i-mi-tate him when by Noon we're at height; we

i-mi-tate him when by Noon we're at height; they steal Wine, who take it when

he's out of sight.

Mr. George Hart.



H Clo--rin--da! can't I move you, when you're Conscious that I love you!



Can you, when so Fair, be Cruel, to re--turn me a De--ni--al! If you do not



soon Re--lieve me, Fate will then de--prive you of me; and you'll ne--ver



then re--co--ver, af--ter Death, your Breath--less Lover.

Mr. Th. Hawney.



## II.

Cou'd I, *Thyrsis*, but believe ye,  
And presume you'd not deceive me;  
I wou'd ease you of your Anguish,  
And shou'd hinder you to Languish:  
But you Men are so deceiving,  
And addicted so to Lying;  
That I will not, cannot love you,  
But first try you, and then prove you.

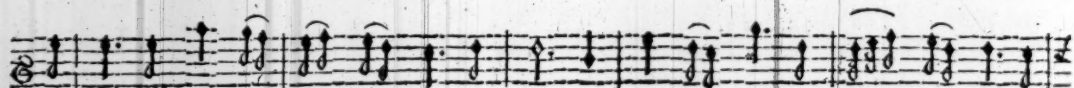
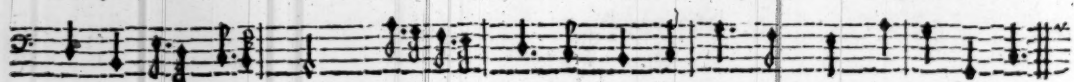




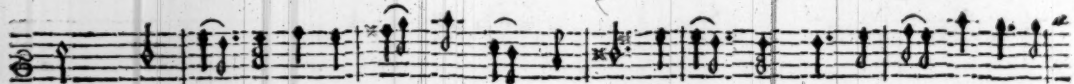
O—vir—da, since your Charms de—cline, in vain you bid me



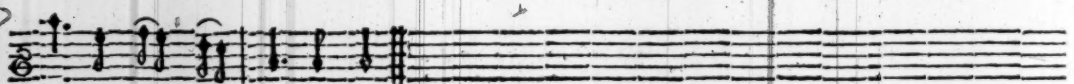
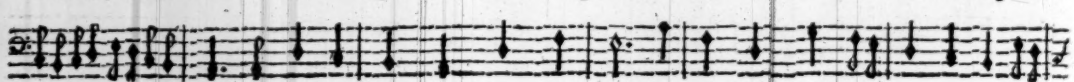
love you more ; when Beau—ties cease to be Divine, 'tis I—do—li—zing to Adore:



Your Eyes, that once with pow'rful In—flu—ence, loves richest Fruits pro—duc'd up—on my

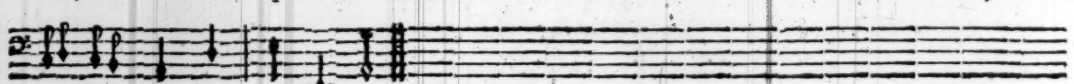


Heart ; now with di vi—ne'st Light their Beams dispen—ce, and fail to wound with all the helps of



Art, with all the helps of Art.

Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.



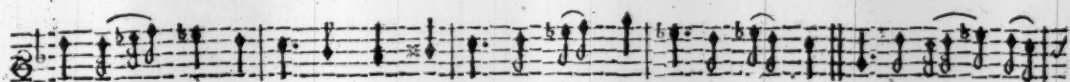
# II.

Yet out of Gratitude I strove,  
When Passion cou'd no longer last ;  
To guild the Failures of ray Love,  
And Art, the Pleasures past :  
But your too-curious Sence discern'd the Cheat,  
Conceal'd in the disguise of Labour'd Joy :  
And in the midst of Love's mysterious Treat,  
A nice Disgust did all your Bliss destroy.





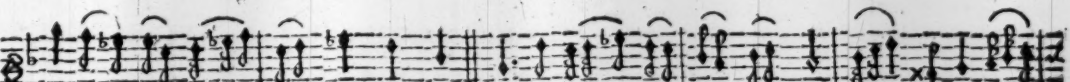
Ust I e—ver sigh in vain? Must I suf—fer endless Pain?



Trembling at your Feet I languish, hear my Grief, oh see my Anguish! Must I e—ver



sigh in vain? Must I suf—fer endless Pain? All my Actions shews I love you,

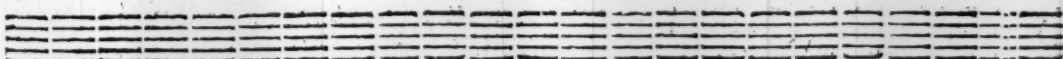
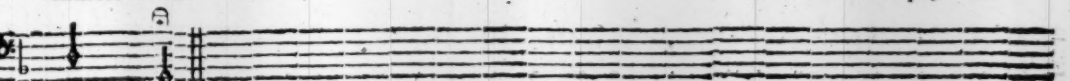


oh, be kind! let Pi—ty move you! Must I e—ver sigh in vain? Must I suffer



endless Pain.

Senior Baptist.



A. 2. Voc. Cantus &amp; Bassu.



Ow sweet is the Air, and refreshing, comes over the Neighbouring

How sweet is the Air, &amp;c.

Plain; this e—ver was coun—ted a Blessing, 'mongst o—ther Enjoyments of Swains: It

fwee—tens our Humours, which glide in our Veins, like Streams in the Channels, and

Chorus.

fof—ten our Strains. Whilst we sing by a Fountain sur—roun—ded with Hills, and the

Chorus.

Whilst we sing, &amp;c.

gen—tle Nymphs Ec—cho's does keep up the Trills.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

## II.

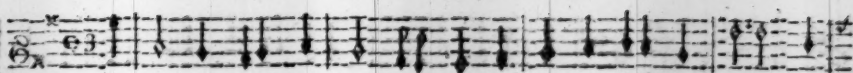
Sometimes in a Grove, as delighting,  
 We sit by our Sweetings in Bow'rs;  
 Fine Roundelays to 'em reciting,  
 Whilst making us Garlands of Flow'rs:  
 As loving as Turtles we pass the soft Hours,  
 No Shepherd is fullen, nor Shepherdess low'rs.

Chorus. Whilst we sing, &amp;c.

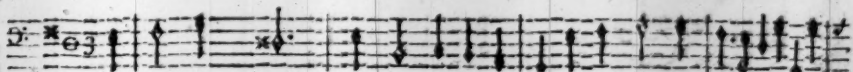
## III.

Then *Laura*, leave off your Despising,  
 Those Freedoms the Village allows;  
 Town-Gallants with finest devising,  
 Can't make you so happy a Spouse:  
 Like Shoots in the Spring our Passion still grows,  
 Our Flocks are not blither, which wantonly brows.

Chorus. Whilst we sing, &amp;c.



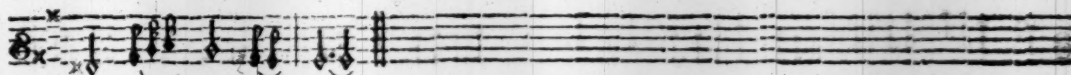
Love, but dare not hope to be, the least belov'd a—gain; yet



ne—ver well, but when I see the Ob—ject of my Pain: But I must ab—sent



be for Years, yet languish for my Love; and my Desires must quench in Tears, 'till



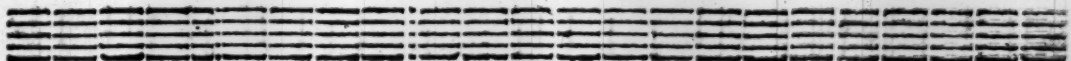
Death doth them remove.

Mr. Tho. Farmer, B. M.



II.

I to some Cave will now retire,  
And all but her despise;  
I nothing more than Death desire,  
When banish'd from her Eyes:  
The shady Groves shall Eccho round,  
Belinda I adore;  
But, oh! too soon they will resound,  
Despair, and think no more.







E—turn, fair Princess of the blooming Year! For you we

Lan—guish, and for you we Long; you heighten our Mirth, and en—li—ven our

Song; you on—ly our drooping Spirits can cheer: For you imprison'd Nature do Re-

prieve, you all Crea—tures do Relieve; tho' their Pining, and Declining, you can

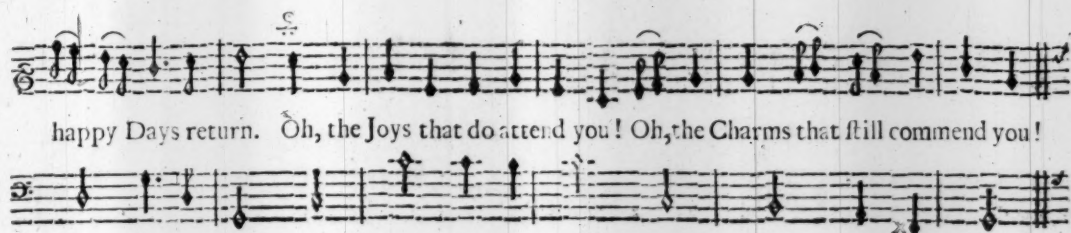
Life and Vigour give; tho' their Pi—ning, and De—cli—ning, you can Life and

Vigour give.

Oh, the Joys that do attend you! Oh, the Charms that still commend you!



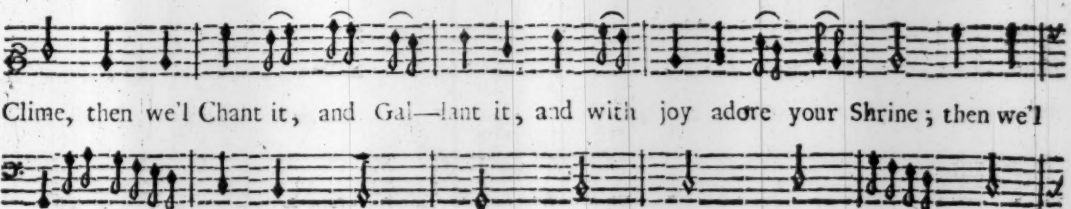
For your Absence here we mourn; here we Languish, all in Anguish, 'till those



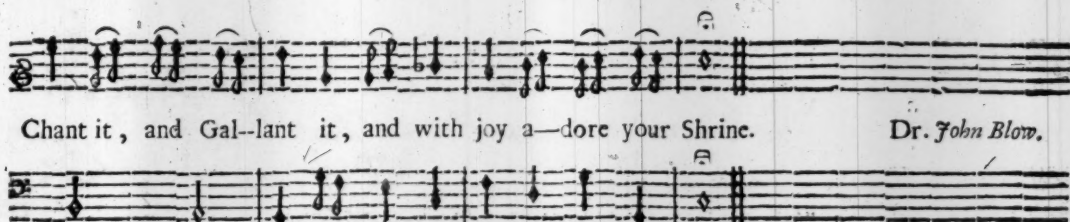
happy Days return. Oh, the Joys that do attend you! Oh, the Charms that still commend you!



Tho' we now are cold and fainting, tho' we're spi-rit—less and panting; if you visit once our

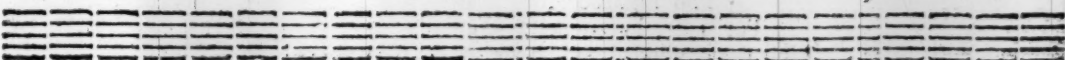


Clime, then we'l Chant it, and Gal—lant it, and with joy adore your Shrine; then we'l



Chant it, and Gal—lant it, and with joy a—dore your Shrine.

Dr. John Blow.





N—der a Shade in flow—ry *June*, I and dear *Phillis*

lay; where we such Plea—sures did en—joy, no Tongue can e—ver say:

She full of Charms, and I fast lock'd within her Arms, did Love, and Sigh, and Kiss the

Time away.

Mr. *Tho. Farmer*, B. M.

II.

Young *Coridon* by chance came by,  
A true and harmless Swain;  
Who for a Cruel Nymph did dye,  
And there did thus Complain:  
Must all but me  
Be blest in Love, and happy be?  
Ease, ease, good Gods! come ease me of my Pain!

III.

Ah happy *Damon*! happy Man!  
Whom Charming *Phillis* loves;  
How pleasantly the time they pass,  
Within yon shady Groves!  
Tho. slighted I,  
For Fair, but Cruel *Sylvia* dye:  
Bless them, good Gods! oh bless them from above!





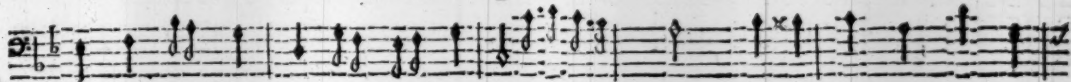
Love, and am belov'd again, I care not who does know it; I



am a constant faith--ful Swain, and be'nt a sham'd to shew it: For since my *Sylvia*

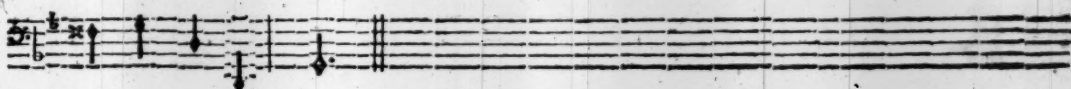


merits more, than Mortal Man can give her; I will e-ver her Adore, and



ne-ver, ne-ver leave her.

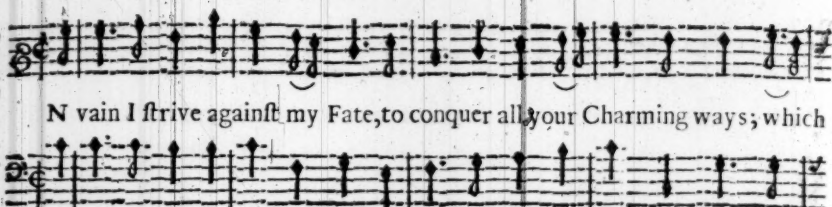
Mr. *Tho. Farmer*, B. M.



## II.

Tho' Cruel Fortune seem to frown,  
And threaten me with Danger;  
While in my *Sylvia's* Arms I lye,  
I'll laugh at all her Anger:  
In spite of her I'll happy be,  
Possessing such a Treasure;  
Whilst Gods above do envy me,  
And wonder at my Pleasure.





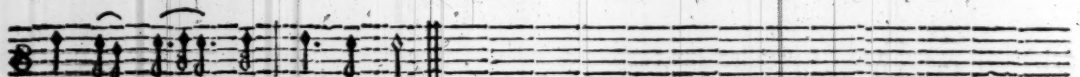
N vain I strive against my Fate, to conquer all your Charming ways; which



makes me love, when I shou'd hate, and wish with you to spend my Days: But, oh! if all my

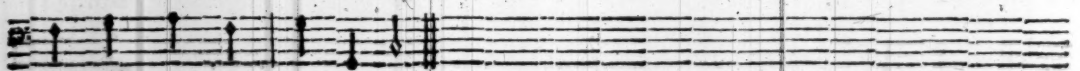


Fears are true, and you in-constant prove to me; I'd better dye than trou—ble you, and



date my Ease from Mi-se-ry.

Mr. Tho. Farmer, B. M.



Hen I see my Stre-phon Languish, with Love's migh—ty



Cares oppress; when I see his Tears and An—guish, Pi-ty warms my stubborn Breast:

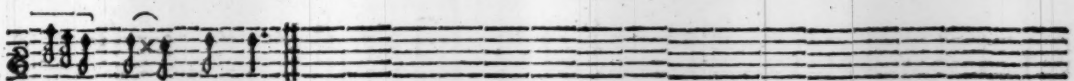




Sighs so soft, and Tears so moving, who can see, and hold from Loving?

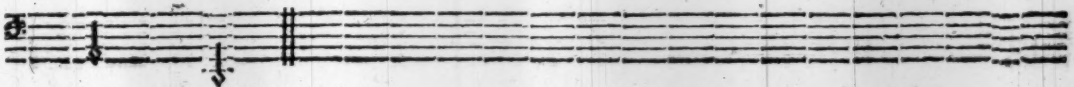


Sighs so soft, and Tears so moving, who can see, and hold from Loving?



—ld from Loving?

Senior Baptist.

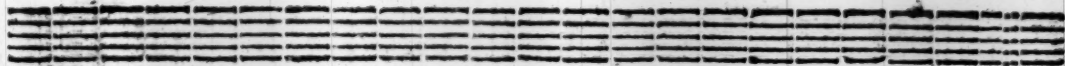


II.

*Strephon's* plain and humble Nature,  
 Won me first to hear this Tale;  
*Strephon's* Truth, by every Creature;  
 Is proclaim'd through all the Vale:  
 Not a Nymph that wou'd not choofe him,  
 Why shou'd I alone refuse him?

III.

All Ingratitude, they tell us,  
 Bears off Ills the blackest Dye;  
 Why shou'd Vertue then compell us  
 To be wicked, and deny?  
 Thus my Love with Honour's pleading,  
 Thus my Love for *Strephon's* bleeding.

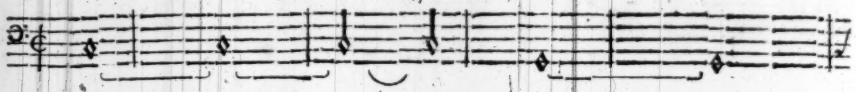




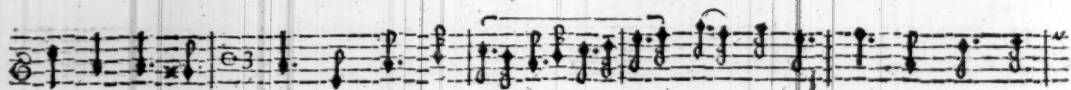
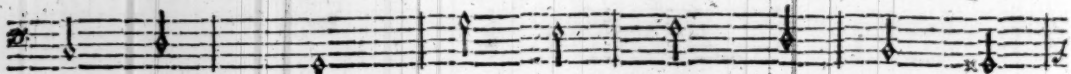
A. 2. Voc.



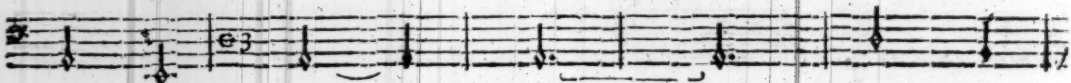
Fill, fill, fill the Boul with Ro—sie Wine, fill, fill the Boul with Ro—sie



Wine, with Rosie Wine, a—rou ————nd our Temples, a—rou ————nd our



Temples Roses twine; and let us chear ————ful—ly a-while, and let us



chear—ful—ly a-while, like the Wine and Roses smile, like the Wine and Ro—ses smile:

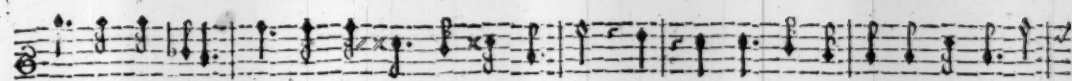


Crown'd with Ro—ses, we contemn, Gy—ges wealthy Di—a—dem; crown'd with

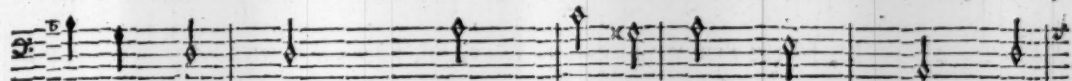


Roses, we contemn, Gy—ges wealthy Di—a—dem. To day is ours, to day is ours,





what do we fear? What do we fear? To day is ours, what, what, what do we fear? To day is ours,



is ours, we have it here; let's treat it, treat it kind-ly, that it may wish, at



least with us to stay; let's treat it kind-ly, that it may wish, at least, with us to



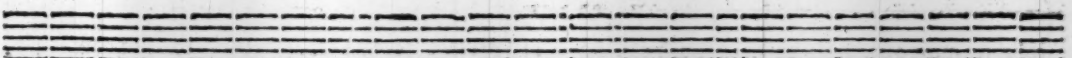
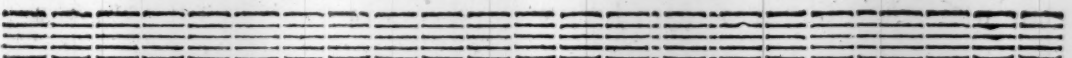
stay: Let's ba--nish Bus'ness, ba--nish Sorrow, to the Gods be--long to Morrow; let's



ba--nish Bus'ness, ba--nish Sorrow, to the Gods be--long to Morrow. [Mr. Cowley's words.



*The Singing BASS follows in the next Page.*



A. 2. Voc.

The Singing BASSUS to the foregoing Song.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



Ill, fill the Boul with Ro—sie Wine, fill, fill the Boul with Ro—sie Wine, the

Boul with Ro—sie Wine, a—rou —————nd our

Temples Ro—ses twine; and let us chear —————ful-ly a

while, like the Wine and Ro—ses smile, like the Wine and Rofes smile: Crown'd with Ro—ses,

we contemn, Gy—ges wealthy Di—a-dem; crown'd with Rofes, we contemn, Gy—ges

wealthy Di—a-dem. To day is ours, is ours, what do we fear? To day is ours, what do we fear?

what, what do we fear? To day is ours, is ours, we have it here; let's treat it, treat it

kindly, that it may wish, at least, with us to stay; let's treat it kind-ly, that it

may wish, at least with us to stay: Let's banish Bus'ness, ba-nish Sorrow, to the Gods be-

long to morrow; let's ba-nish Bus'ness, ba-nish Sorrow, to the Gods belong to Morrow.





Yield, I yield! Divi *c Al-the-t*, see! how prostrate at thy Feet I



bow; fondly in love with my Cap-ti-vi-ty, so weak am I, so mighty thou: Not



long a—go I cou'd de-fy, arm'd with Wine and Company, Beauty's whole Ar-ti-le-ry.



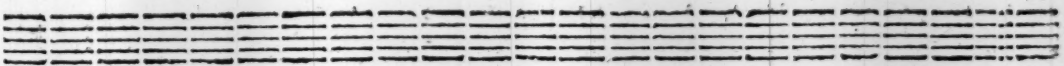
Quite vanquish'd now by thy mi-ra-cu-lous Charms, here fair *Al-the-a!* take my Arms; for



sure, he cannot be of Humane Race, that can re-sist so bright, so sweet a Face.



Mr. John Roffey.





He sweet *Me-li-na's* Eyes so wounds my Heart, that thence the Pains dif-

fus'd thro' ev'-ry Part; and I no more can live, if she's un-kind, ye Gen-tle

Pow'rs, let me some Pi-ty find! I at your Altar humbly tell my Grief, Oh let her, let her

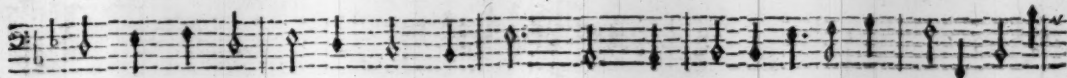
of-fer some Relief! Oh let her, let her of-fer some Relief! Did she but know my

Love, she'd make me blest, such Love as mine might thaw a frozen Breast, much

more *Melina's*, whose sweet Humour's such, that Pen nor Tongue can ne-ver Praise too much: Deal



kindly with your poor un—hap—py Swain, let me not love, let me not beg in vain;



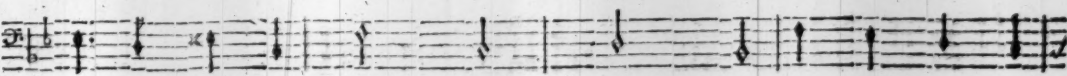
let me not love, let me not beg in vain. I have more va—lue for her pleasing



Smile, than the va—lue of Treasures of this Wealthy Isle; one gentle Look from



fair *Me—l—n's* Eyes, I do much more than the rich *La—dies* prize; I



do much more, much more, I do much more, much more than the rich



*In—dies* prize; I do much more, much more than the rich *In—dies* prize.







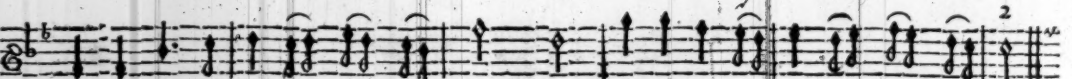
Ah charming Fair! 'tis Love for Love you owe, no greater Blessing I desire to know;



my Love is fix'd, it never shall re—move, I'll be *Me-li-na's* Martyr, or her



Love, or her Love; I'll be *Me-li-na's*, I'll be *Me-li-na's* Mar-tyr, or her Love. Yet



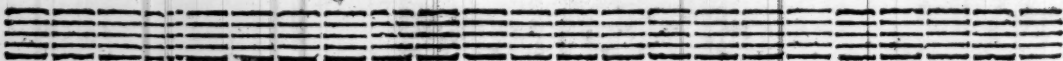
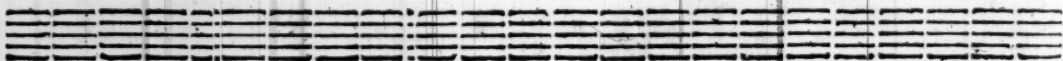
shou'd *Me-li-na* cherish my De—fire, and blow my Dying Em—bers to a Fire;



so bright, and so devout, that Flame shou'd be, as might appease an an—gry De—i—ty.

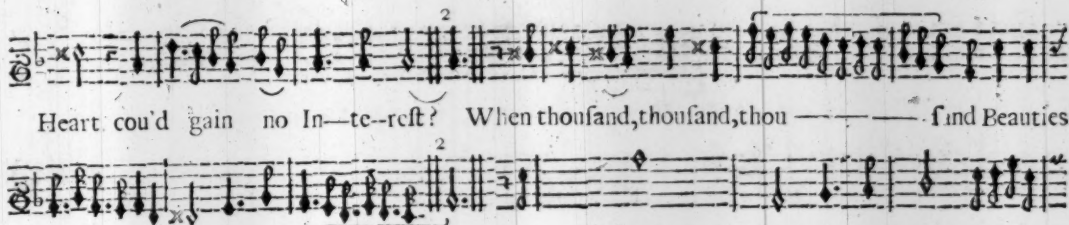


Mr. James Hart.

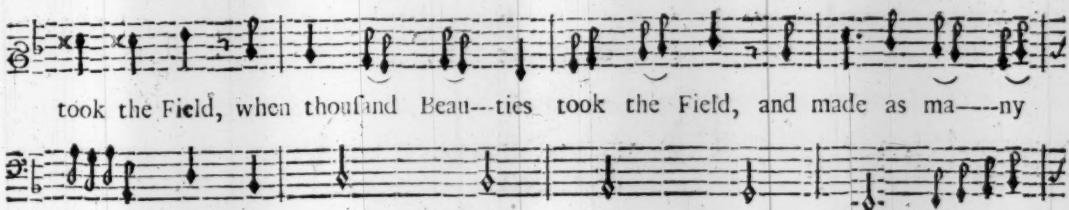




Ow oft did Love assault young *Strepson's* Ereast, yet in his Heart, in his



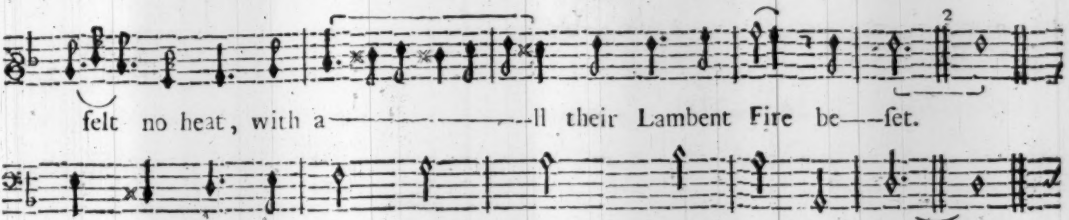
Heart cou'd gain no In-te-rest? When thousand, thousand, thou — — — find Beauties



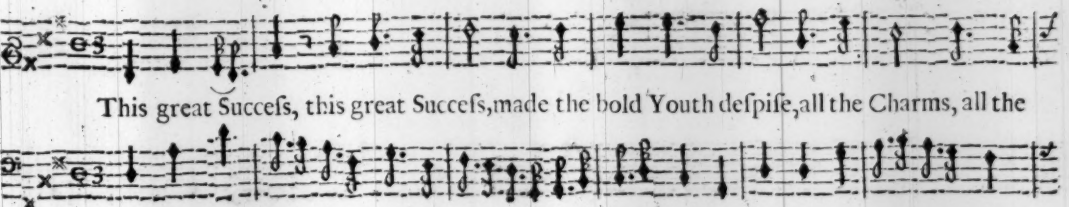
took the Field, when thousand Beau--ties took the Field, and made as ma---ny



Lo--vers yield: He saw the Light, but felt no heat; he saw the Light, but



felt no heat, with a — — — — — ll their Lambent Fire be—set.



This great Succes, this great Succes, made the bold Youth despise, all the Charms, all the



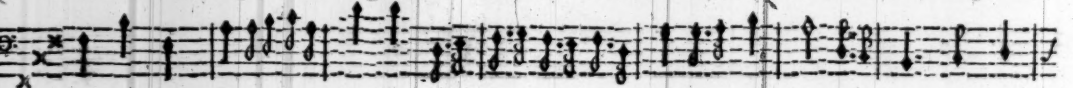
Charms, the Cha—rms, that cou'd from Beau—ty a—rise.



Love highly in—cens'd in Am—bush does lye, to tame the proud Rebel that his



Pow'r does de—ny; Love highly in—cens'd in Ambush does lye, to tame the proud



Rebel that his Pow'r does de—ny, to tame the proud Rebel that his Pow'r does deny,



And now the fa—tal Hour is come, wherein the Swain receives his Doom: He



fees, he burns, he sighs, he dyes, slain by his Ce—lia's darting Eyes; for he that in great

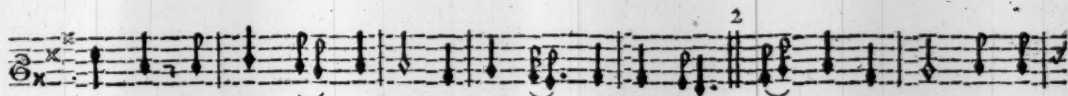






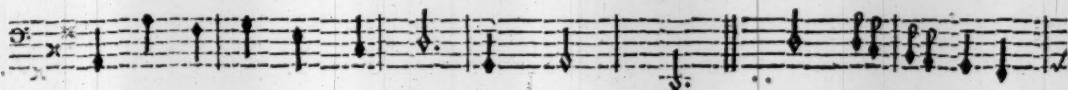
War prevails, oft in sin—gle Du—el fails.

Happy is *Strephon* in this his true

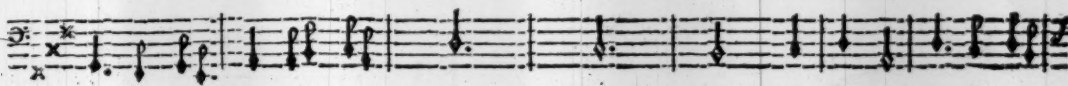


Passion, the Nymph on his Pain at length had compassion:

In her soft Charms he en-



joys such a Treasure, there's nothing that's Mortal can e—qual his Pleasure; in her soft

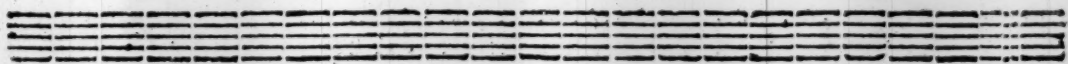


Charms he en—joys such a Treasure, there's nothing that's Mortal can equal his Pleasure, there's



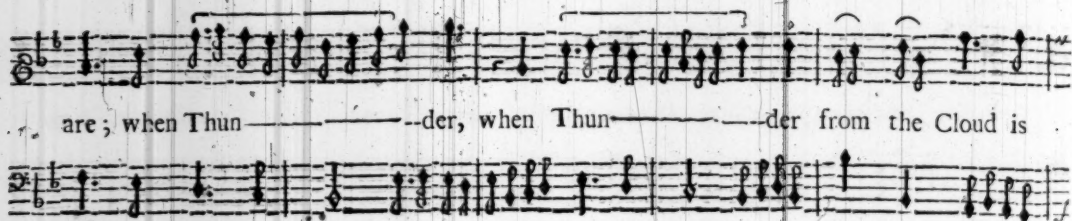
nothing that's Mortal can e—qual his Pleasure.

Mr. *James Hart*.

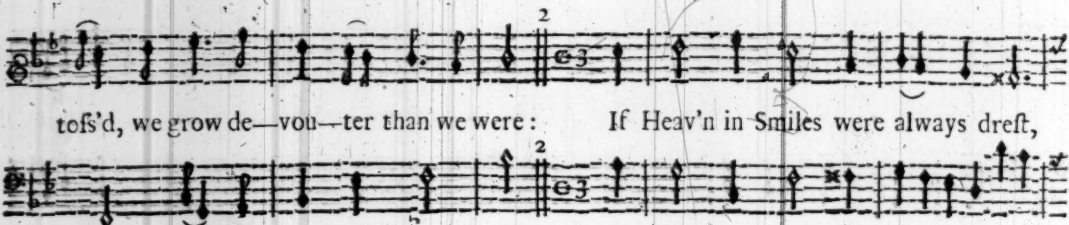




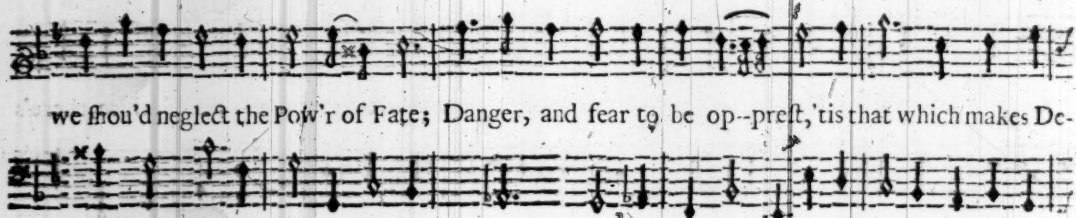
Air angry Nymph! this Pride is lost, this Scorn, these Frowns suc-cess-les



are; when Thun—der, when Thun—der from the Cloud is



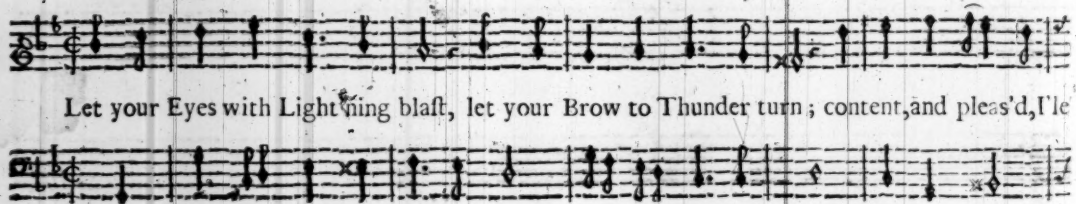
tos'd, we grow de—vou—ter than we were: If Heav'n in Smiles were always drest,



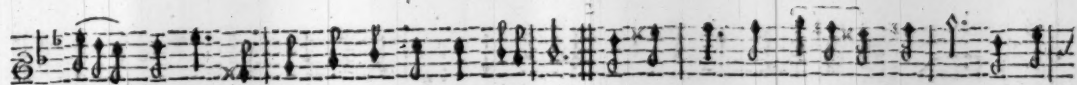
we shou'd neglect the Pow'r of Fate; Danger, and fear to be op—prest, 'tis that which makes De-



votion great; Danger, and fear to be op—prest, 'tis that which makes De-vo—tion great.



Let your Eyes with Light'ning blast, let your Brow to Thunder turn; content, and pleas'd, I'll



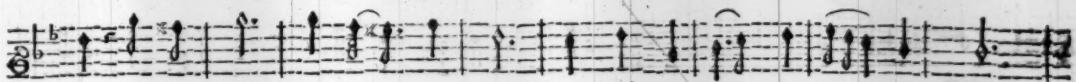
breath my last, and rather than not Love, I'll burn: Let your Eyes with Light'ning blast, let your



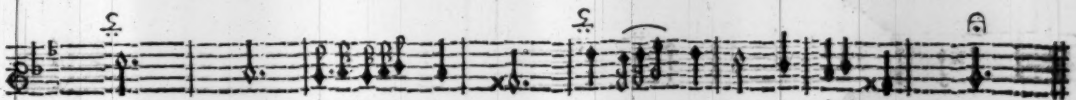
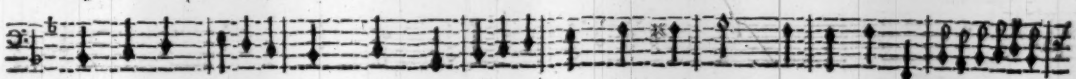
Brow to Thunder turn; content, and pleas'd, I'll breath my last, and rather than not love, I'll burn.



With Beauty, as with Heav'n, we find, the Zealous al-ways best succeed;



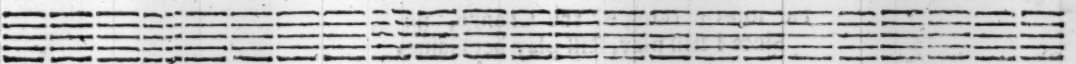
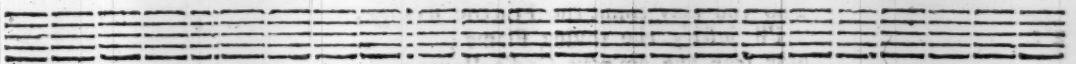
Love, and the Gods, are still most kind, to those that for their Faith will bleed;



still most kind, to those, to those that for their Faith will bleed.



Mr. James Hart.







*Hillis*, I must needs confess, that I am feeble grown of late; and

now to *Ce—lia's* Charms address, that Love, which yours did first cre—ate: Not

that I think your Beau—ty less, than her's, who does my Heart possess, than

her's, who does my Heart pos—sess; but 'tis the Will, the Will of Fate, but

'tis the Will, the Will of Fate.

Mr. *Tho. Farmer*, B. M.

II.

Tho' you may think the Practice strange,  
 I'll justify the roving Flame;  
 Nor fear the am'rous God's Revenge,  
 Since I still love, tho' not the same:  
 For tho' my Heart does hourly range,  
 He loses nothing by the Change, :||:  
 Since I still play, still play her Game.



Ince the Spring comes on, and the teeming Earth, gives Plants and Flow'rs a

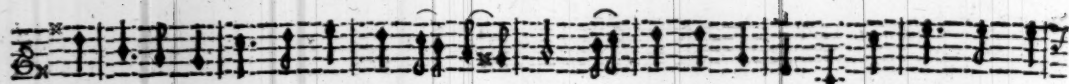
kindly Birth; since all things in one great de--sign, of Gay-e-ty and Mirth com-

bine, of Gay-e-ty and Mirth combine: Why shou'd not we as gay appear,

and meet with joy the blooming Year, the bloo—ming Year? Why shou'd not

we as gay ap—pear, and meet with joy, and meet with joy, the bloo—

—ming Year, the bloo—ming Year?



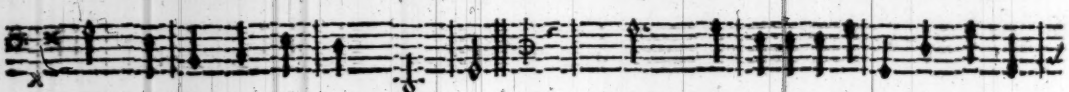
Come then to the Gods of the Hills, and the Lawns, the Sylvia's, the Satyrs, the Nymphs, and the



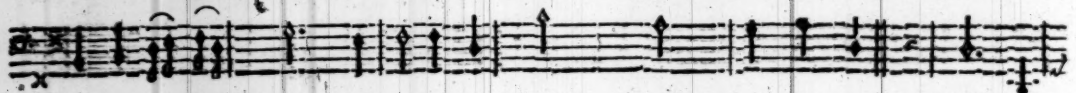
Fawns; with all De-vo-ti-on we'l Altars erect, and sacrifice free-ly of what they protect, and



sa-cri-fice freely of what they protect. To *Flora* first, an Off'ring of her own fragrant



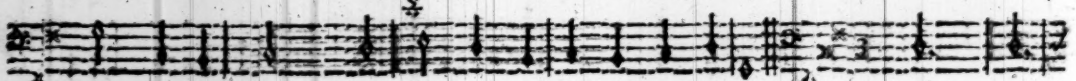
wreaths we'l bring; to *Flora* first, an Off'ring of her own fragrant wreaths we'l bring; and then for *Pan*,



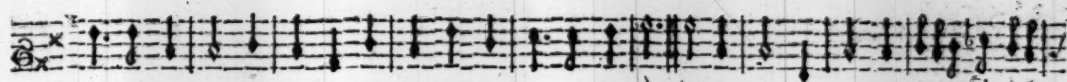
take from his Dam, some frisking Kid, or wanton Lamb; and then for *Pan*, take from his Dam, some



frisking Kid, or wan-ton Lamb, some frisking Kid, or wanton Lamb. Nor shall it be the



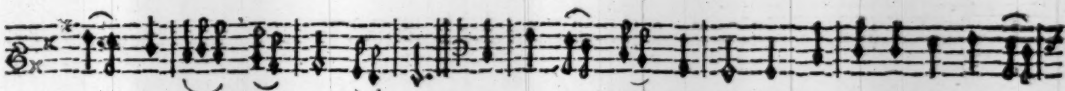




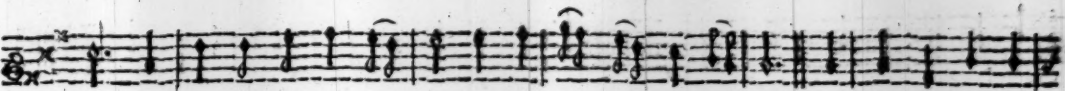
least of our Care, that *Cupid*, in all we perform, have a Share. A Tide of Love now fills our



Veins, and o're all o—ther Pas—sions reigns; a Tide of Love now fills our Veins, and



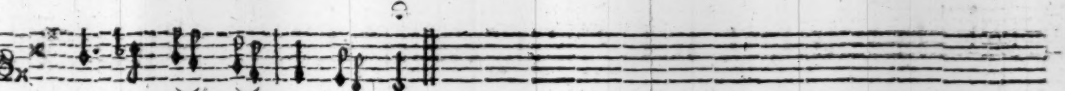
o're all o—ther Passions reigns. This therefore is the Season, the Amorous to en-



joy, since Nature commands our Reason, our Dictates to obey: With Mirth, and Rural



Innocence, each Shepherd does Ca—res his Mate; none e're shall give, or take Offence, but




Birds and Lambs will i—mi—tate.



# A Tavern-Club Song. [ 48 ]

By Mr. Snow.

A. 2 Voc. Altus & Bassus, with a continued Bass.

A.  Ome Wine Boys, some Wine, fill it up, fill it up, un--til it touch the

B. Some Wine Boys, some Wine, fill it up, un--til it touch the

C.

A. edge of the Cup; we'l not al--ter our Pace, we'l not alter our Pace, nor put on a grave Face, but

B. edge of the Cup; we'l not alter our Pace, nor put on a grave Face,

C.

A. drink, drink ho, drink to the brim, to our better Acquaintance, to our better Acquaintance, here's to thee


B. but drink, drink ho, to the Brim, to our better Acquaintance, to our better Acquaintance, here's to thee

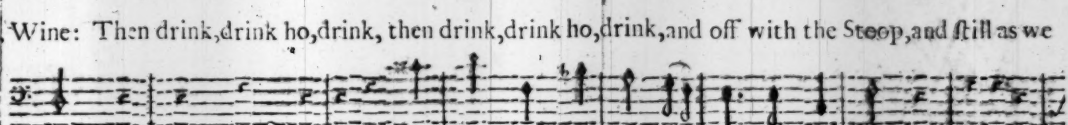
C.

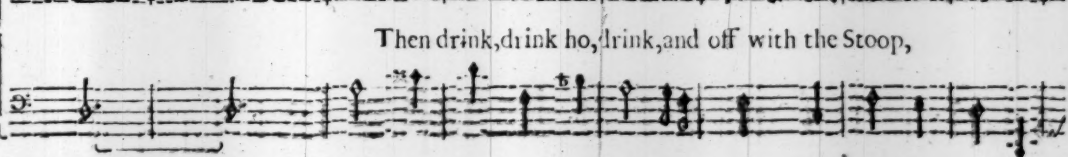
A. *Tim:* This Drink is rare, and somewhat Divine, thank *Wilson* and *Holms*, and *Holms*, that provides us such


B. *Tim:* This Drink is rare, and somewhat Divine, thank *Wilson* and *Holms*, that provides us such

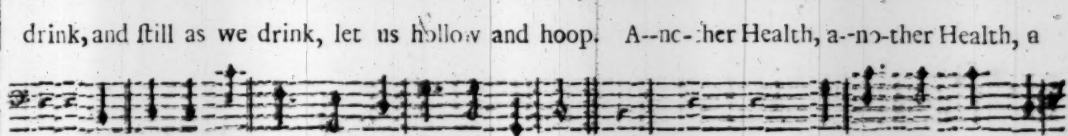
C.


A.  Wine: Then drink, drink ho, drink, then drink, drink ho, drink, and off with the Steep, and still as we


B.  Then drink, drink ho, drink, and off with the Steep,

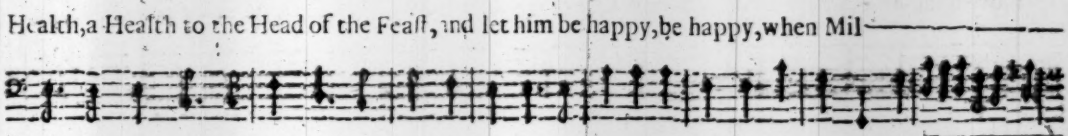
C. 

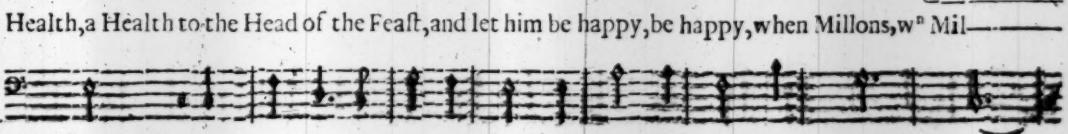
A.  drink, and still as we drink, let us hollow and hoop. A--nc-her Health, a--no-ther Health, a

B.  and still as we drink, let us hollow and hoop. A--no-ther Health, a

C. 

A.  Health, a Health to the Head of the Feast, and let him be happy, be happy, when Mil

B.  Health, a Health to the Head of the Feast, and let him be happy, be happy, when Millions, w<sup>a</sup> Mil

C. 

A.  —lons, when Mil —lons are turn'd in--to Clay.

B.  —lons, when Mil —lons are turn'd in--to Clay.

C. 





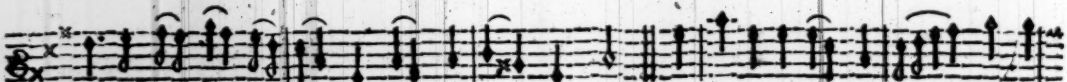
Hen first *A-min-tas* su'd for a Kifs, my innocent Heart was tender; that



tho' I push'd him a—way from the Blifs, my Eyes declar'd my Heart was won; I



fain an artful Coynefs wou'd use, before I the Fort did surrender : But Love wou'd suffer no



more such Abuse, and soon, a-las! my Cheat was known. He'd sit all day, and laugh and play, a



thousand pret—ty things wou'd say; my Hand he'd squeeze, and press my Knees, 'till



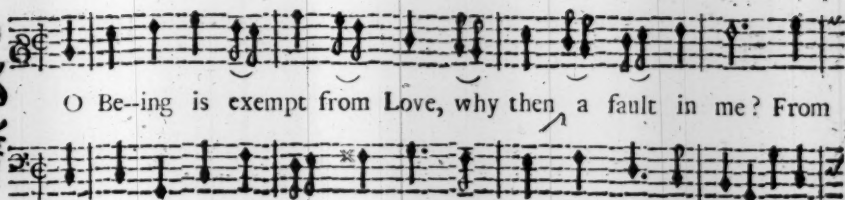
far—ther on he got by degrees.



My Heart, just like a Vessel at Sea,  
Wou'd tols when *Amin-tas* was near me;  
But ah! so cunning a Pilot was he!

Through Doubts and Fears he'd still say on:  
I thought in him no danger cou'd be,  
So wisely he knows how to steer me;  
And soon, alas! was brought to agree,

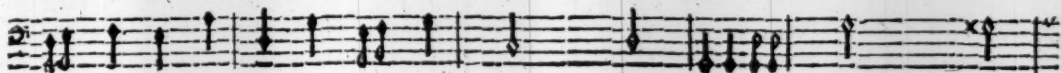
So walt of Joys before unknown.  
Well might he boast, his Pain not lost,  
For soon he found the Golden Coast;  
Enjoy'd the Oar, and 'tack'd the Shore,  
Where never Merchant went before.



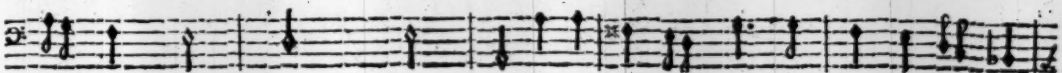
O Be-ing is exempt from Love, why then a fault in me? From



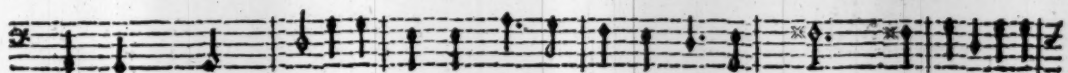
ev'—ry In—sect, up to *Jove*, they love, and yet are free: Nature no stricter



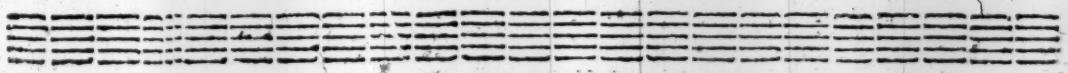
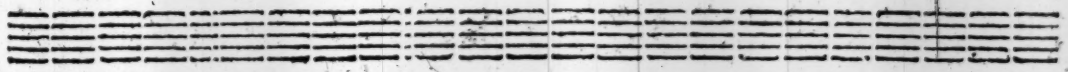
Law design'd, than what our Passions make; the Gods left Na—ture un-con-fin'd, that



we might freedom take. Then why, too cru—el Law! a Slave must Vertuous Women be? 'Tis



on—ly Vertuous to be brave, to love, to love at li—ber—ty. Mr. *Tho. Farmer*, B.M.





Fill me a Boul, a migh-ty Boul, large as my ca-pa-cious Soul;

fill me a Boul, a migh-ty Boul, large as my ca-pa-cious Soul: Vast as my Thirst is,

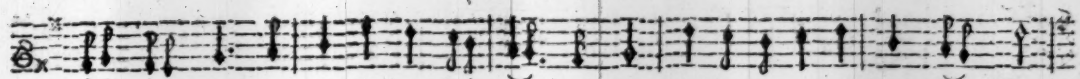
let it have depth enough, to be my Grave; I mean, the Grave of all my Care, for

I de-sign to bu-ry't there. Fill me a Boul, a mighty Boul, large as my ca-

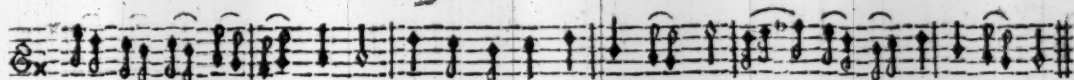
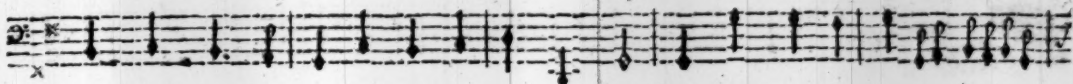
pacious Soul; fill me a Boul, a migh-ty Boul, large as my ca-pa-cious Soul;

Let it of Silver fashion'd be, worthy of Wine, worthy of me; wor-thy to a-

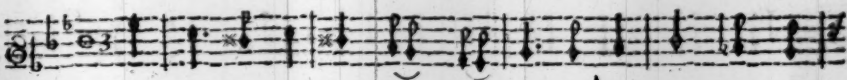




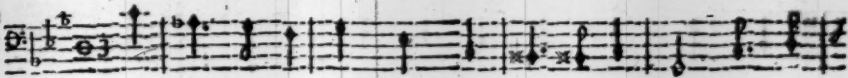
dorn the Spheres, as that bright Cup a-mongst the Stars. Fill me a Boul, a migh—ty Boul,



large as my ca—pa cious Soul; fill me a Boul, a mighty Boul, large as my capacious Soul.



Come all ye pale Lo—vers that figh and complain, while your



beau—ti—ful Tyrants but laugh at your Pain; come practice with me, to be hap—py and



free, in spite of Inconstancy, Pride, or Disdain: I behold, and I love, and the



Bliss I en—joy, no Rival can lessen, or En—vy destroy.

Mr. *Alphonso Marsh.*

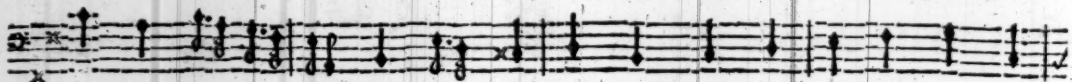




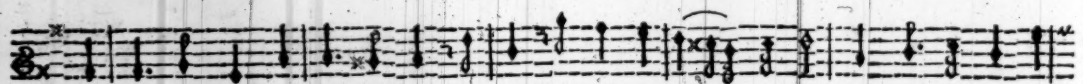
'Le sing of Hero's, and of Kings, in mighty Numbers, mighty Things; be-



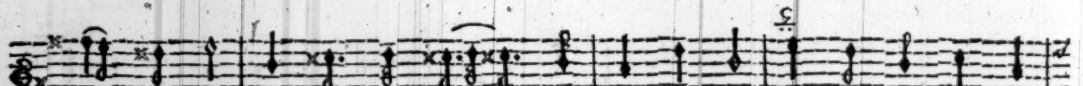
gin, my Muse! but lo! the Strings to my great Song re—bel—ious prove, the



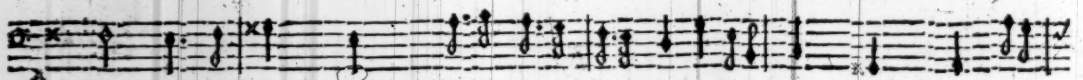
Strings will sound of nought but Love, the Strings will sound of nought but Love.



I broke them all, and put on new, 'tis this, or nothing sure will do; These sure, said I, will

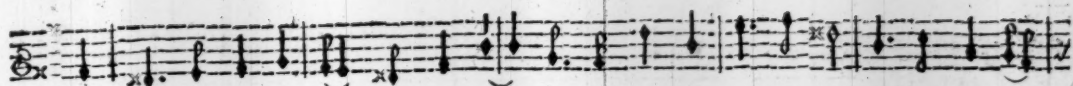


me o—bey, these sure He—ro— ick Notes will play: Strait I be—gan with



Thun —dring love, and all th'Im—mor—tal Pow'rs, but Love.

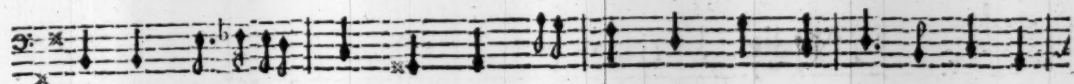




Love smil'd, and from my'nfeebled Lyre, came gentle Ayres, such as inspire melting Love, and



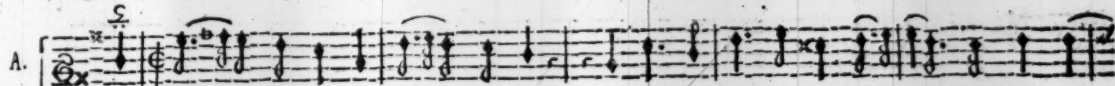
soft De-sire; fare-wel then He-ro's, fare-wel Kings, and mighty Numbers,



mighty Things, Love tunes my Heart, Love tunes my Heart, just to my Strings.



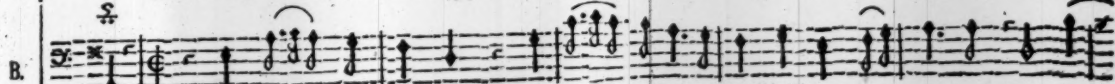
CHORUS. A. 3 Voc. Altus, Tenor, and Bass.



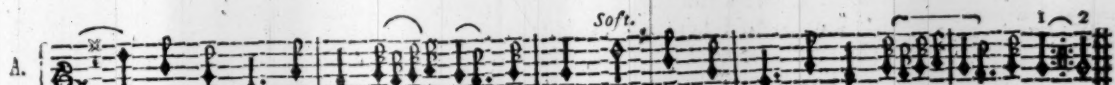
Fare-wel then Hero's, fare-wel Kings, and mighty Numbers, mighty, mighty Things, Lo-



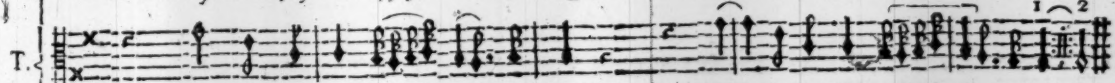
Fare-wel then Hero's, farewel Kings, and mighty Numbers, mighty, migh-ty Things,



Fare-wel then Hero's, then fare-wel Kings, & mighty Numbers, mighty Things, Lo-



-ve tunes my Heart, my Heart, just to my Strings, Love tunes my Heart, my Heart, just to my Strings.

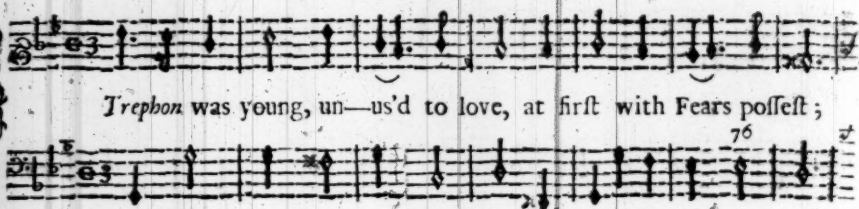


Love tunes my Heart just to my Strings, Love tunes my Heart just to my Strings.

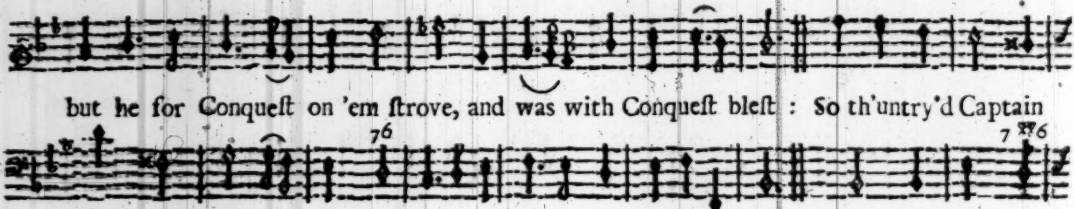


-ve tunes my Heart, my Heart, just to my Strings, Love tunes my Heart, my Heart, just to my Strings.

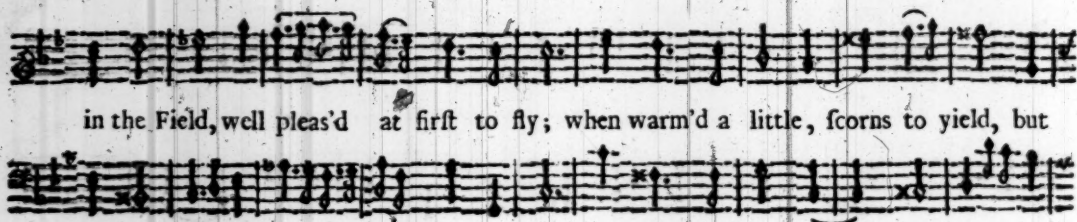




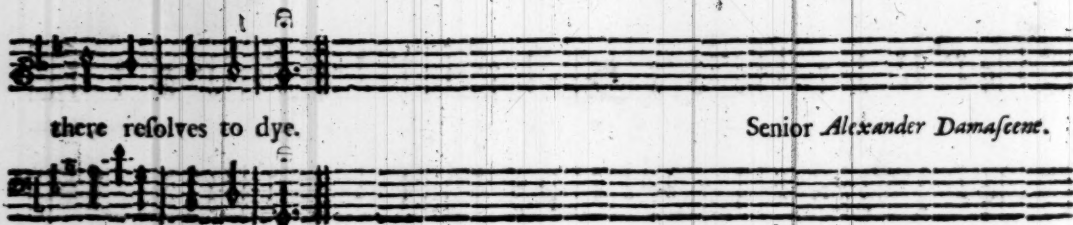
*Strephon* was young, un-us'd to love, at first with Fears possess'd ;



but he for Conquest on 'em strove, and was with Conquest blest : So th'untry'd Captain



in the Field, well pleas'd at first to fly; when warm'd a little, scorns to yield, but



there resolves to dye.

Senior *Alexander Damascene*.

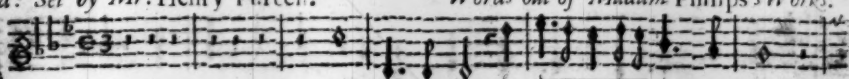
## II.

None ever saw, but felt Surprise,  
 Convers'd, but found a Pain;  
 None but wou'd venture Ease, and Eyes,  
 To view the Nymph again:  
 Such Charms must sure some Pity give,  
 But Shou'd her Pow'rs destroy;  
 May this be told to those who live,  
 That *Strephon* dy'd with Joy.

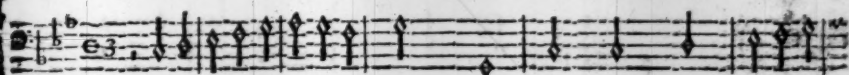


Solitude, A Ground: Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Words out of Madam Philips's Works.



H So-li-tude! my swee—test Choice!



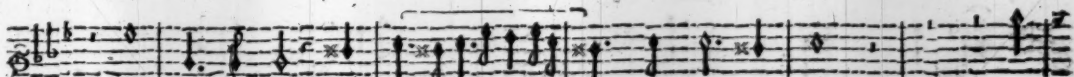
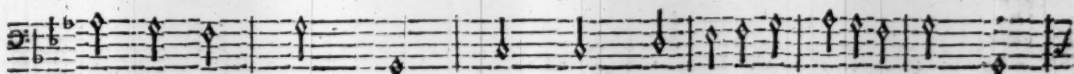
Oh So-li-tude! Oh So-li-tude! my swee—test, sweetest



Choice! Places de-vo-ted to the Night, remote from Tumult, and from



Noise, how ye my Rest—less Thoughts delight! Oh So-li-tude!

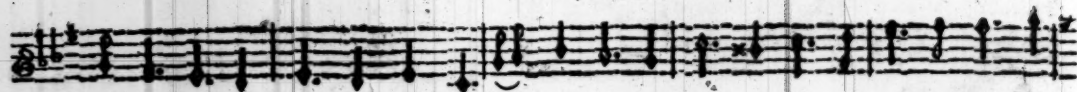


Oh So-li-tude! my swee—test, sweetest Choice! Oh



Heavens! what Con-tent is mine, to see those Trees, which have appear'd, from the Na-

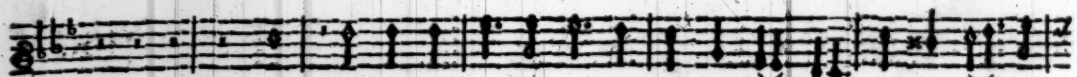




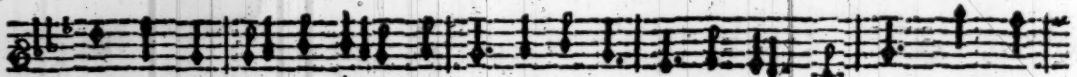
ti-vi-ty of Time; and, which all A-ges have remitt'd, to look to day as fresh and



green, to look to day as fresh and green, as when their Beauties first were seen?



Oh! Oh how a-gree-a-ble a Sight these hanging Mountains do ap-



pear, which th'unhappy would invite, to fi-nish all their Sorrows here; when their



hard, their hard Fate makes them endure, such Woes, such Woes, as on-ly Death can

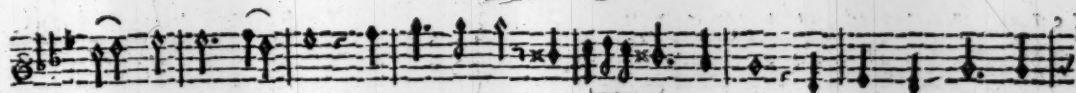


Cure.

Oh! Oh how I So-li-tude Adore! Oh! Oh how I







So—li—tude A—dore, that E—le—ment of no—blest Wit, where I have learn'd, where



I have learn'd A-pol-lo's love, without the pains, the pains, to stu—dy it: For thy



fake I in love am grown, with what thy fan—cy, thy fancy, does pursue; but when I

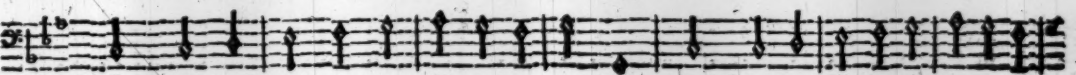


think upon my own, I hate it, I hate it, for that reason too; because it needs must



hinder me, from seeing, from seeing, and from serving thee.

Oh



So—li—tude! Oh how I So—li—tude Adore!



*A Song on a Ground ; Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.**Words by Sir George Ethridge.*

Ease, anxious World, your fruit—less Pain ; cease , cease ,

cease, anxious World, your fruit—less Pain, to gra—sp for-bid-den Store ; your

stu-dy'd La-bours shall prove vain, your Al-chy-my unblest ; whilst Seeds of far more

pre-cious Ore, are ripen'd, are ripen'd in my Breast : My Breast, the Forge of

hap-pi-er Love, where my Lu-cin-da , my Lu-cin-da lies ; and the rich Stock

does so improve, as she her Art employs ; that ev—ry Smile and Touch she



gives, turns all to Golden Joys. Since then we can such Treasures raise, let's no Expence re-



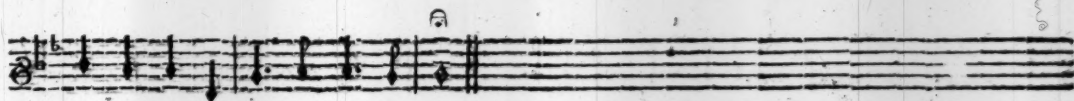
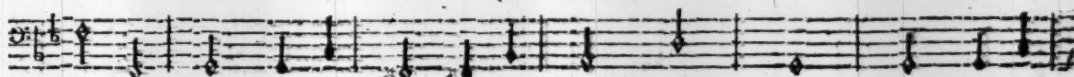
fuse; in love let's lay out all our Days, how can we e're be Poor? How can we e're be



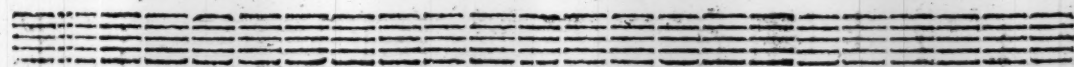
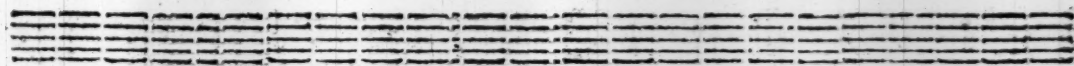
Poor? How can we e're be Poor, when ev'-ry Blessing that we use, begets a thousand



more? When ev'ry Blessing that we use, be—gets a thousand more? When ev'ry Blessing



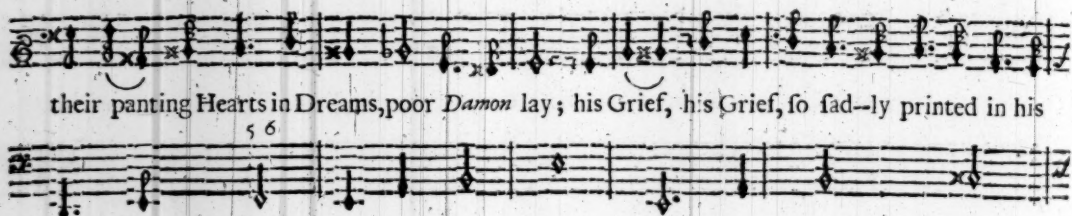
that we use, begets a thousand more.



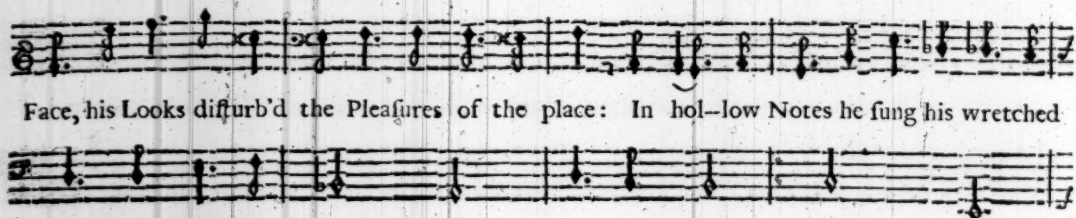




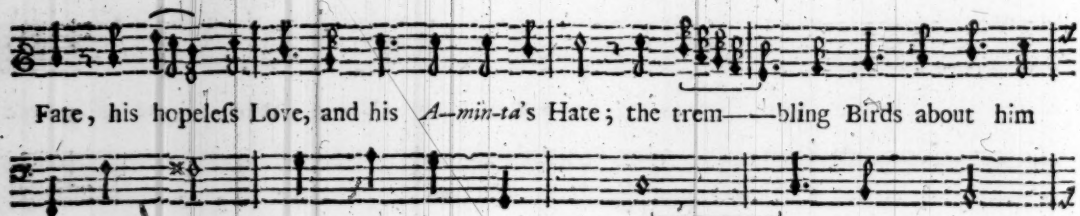
Midst the Shades, and cool re-fre-shing Streams, where Lovers ease



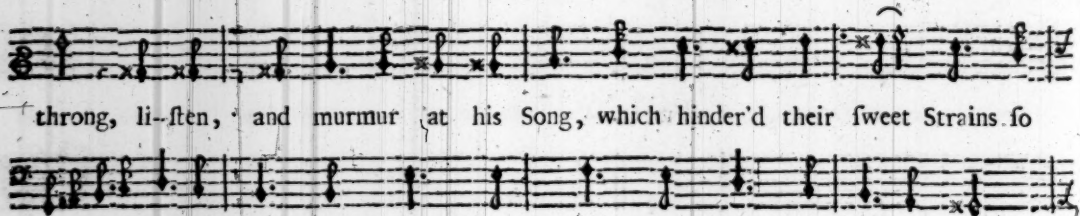
their panting Hearts in Dreams, poor *Damon* lay; his Grief, his Grief, so sad-ly printed in his



Face, his Looks disturb'd the Pleasures of the place: In hol-low Notes he sung his wretched



Fate, his hopeless Love, and his *A-min-ta's* Hate; the trem—bling Birds about him



throng, li-sten, and murmur at his Song, which hinder'd their sweet Strains so



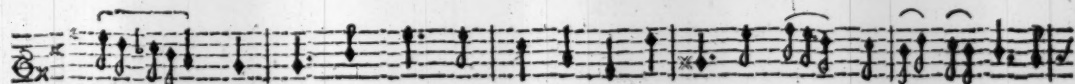
long, which hinder'd their sweet Strains so long. But streight with charming



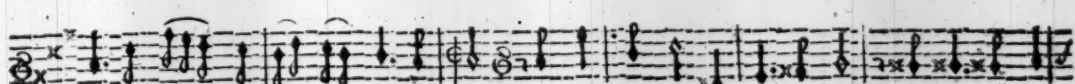
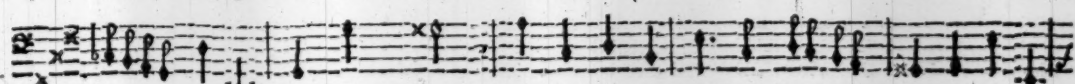
Notes, they stretch their war——bling Throats; and all with one Consent and



Voice, invite the Shepherd to rejoyce: But streight with charming Notes, they stretch their



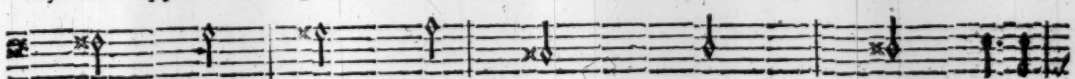
war——bling Throats; and all with one Consent and Voice, in—vite the Shepherd to re-



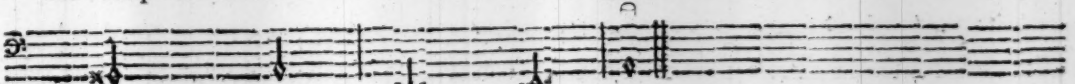
joyce, in—vite the Shepherd to rejoyce. But what can his sad Soul inspire, his Heart so much



by Grief oppress? A Sigh (alas!) breaks from his Breast, which frights the harm—less Birds,



and damps the chear——ful Quire.





Ow I have serv'd, how just or true, I need appeal to none but you; for

all my Thoughts from you took Birth, my sole Di-vi-ni-ty on Earth: Nor does a

Wish, which upward flies, petition from Heav'ns Deities, ought but to fall your much-lov'd Sa-cri-

fice. When Tongue griev'd, Accents can no more impart, and Sighs lament ex-——piring

Heart; when Anguish'd Soul in strong Convulsion lyes, and rapid Tears o'reflowing melting Eyes;

then, then Cla-ri-a-na, you'll find, and grieve, a fleeting Life no Pow'r can retrieve; nor





CHORUS. *A. 3 Voc. Altus, Medius, Bassus, & Continuo Basse.*

A. So gent—ly glide my Soul, that thou may'st be, tran--sla--ted to E--ter--ni-

M. So gent—ly glide my Soul, that thou may'st be, tran--sla--ted to E--ter--ni-

B. So gent—ly glide my Soul, that thou may'st be, translated to E—ter--ni-

C.

A. ty, to meet those Joys for faithful Loves assign'd; with full swoln Bliss, and knotty

M. ty, to meet those Joys for faithful Loves assign'd; with full swoln Bliss, and knotty Cares, and knotty

B. ty, to meet those Joys for faithful Loves assign'd; with full swoln Bliss, and knotty Cares, and knotty

C.

A. Cares unbind, and leave the Torments of the World behind.

M. Cares unbind, and leave the Torments of the World behind.

B. Cares unbind, and leave the Torments of the World behind.

C.

S



Little thought, thou fond ingrateful Sin! when first I let thee in, and

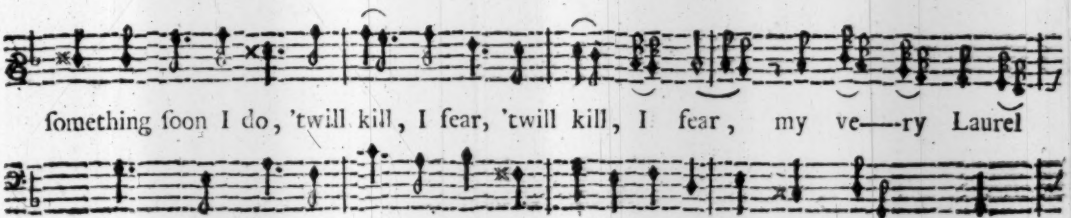
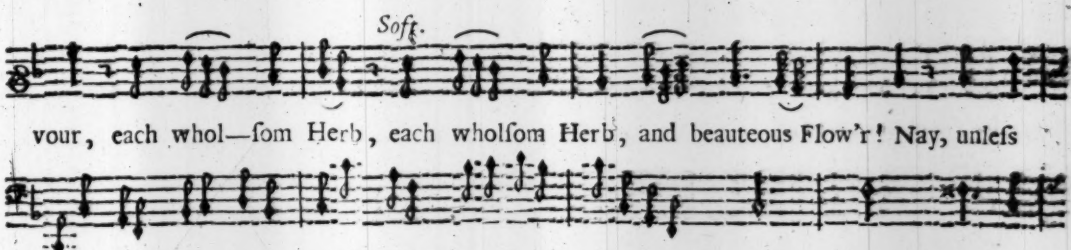
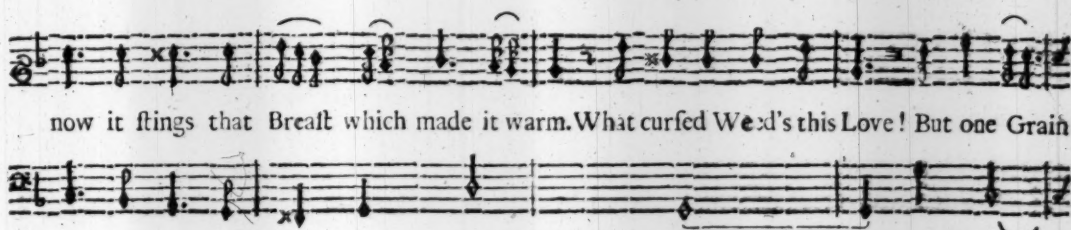
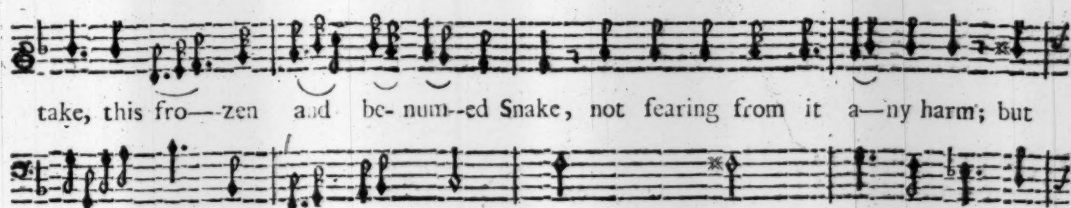
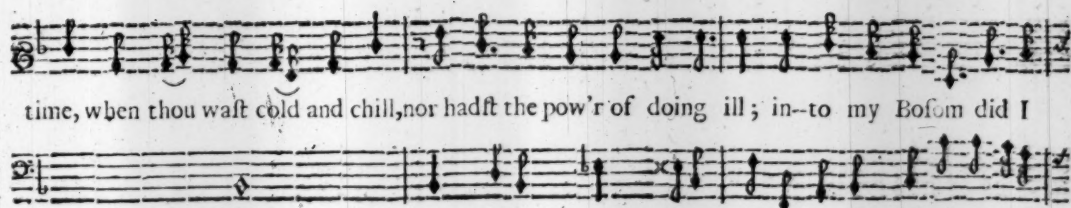
gave thee but a part in my un—wa—ry Heart; I lit—tle thought, that

thou would'st e're have grown, so false, or strong, to make it all thine own: At

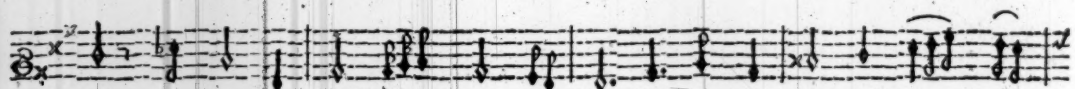
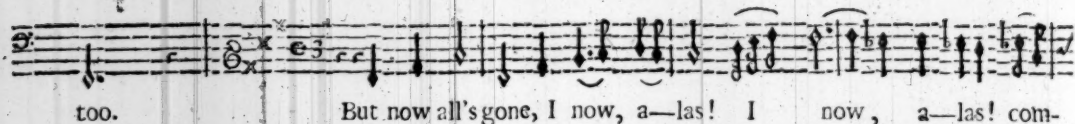
mine own Breast, with care I fed thee still, letting thee suck thy fill; and

dain—ti—ly I nourish'd thee, with i—dle Thoughts, and Poetry! What ill Returns dost thou al—

low? I fed thee then, and thou, thou dost starve me now. There was a



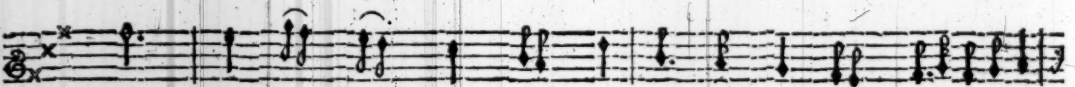




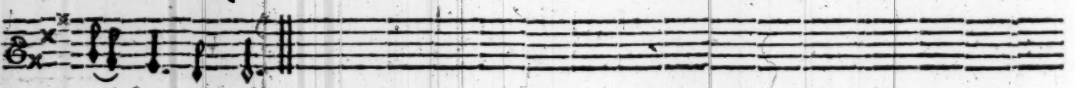
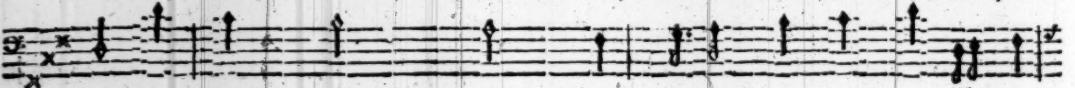
plain, declare, protest, and threat in vain; since by my own un-forc'd Con-



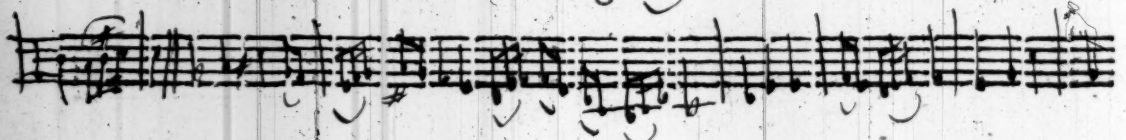
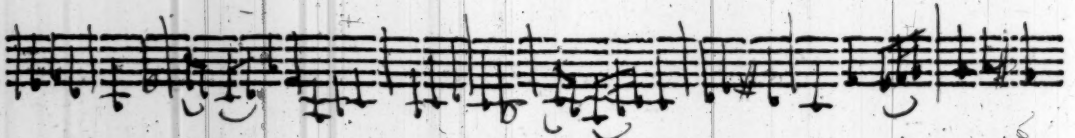
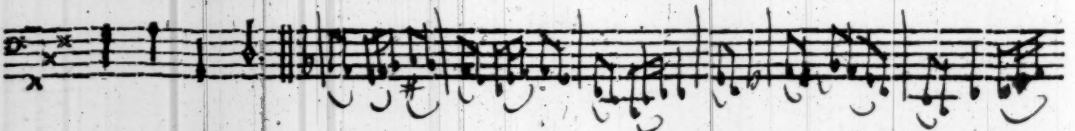
sent, the Traytor has my Go-vern-ment, and is so fet-tl'd in the




Throne, that 'twere Re-bel-lion now, 'twere Re-bel-lion now,



to claim mine own.



A. 2. Voc. Altus & Bassus, & Continuo Balle.

A.  N some kind Dream up—on her Slumbers steal, and to Lu—

B. In some kind Dream up—on her Slumbers steal, and to Lu—

C.

A. cyn—da, all I beg, re—veal ; breath gent—lest Words in—to her

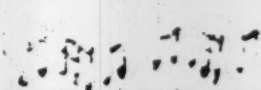
B. cyn—da, all I beg, re—veal ; breath gent—lest Words in—to her

C.

A. Ears, words full of Love, words full of Love, but full of Fears ; such words as may prevail, like

B. Ears, words full of Love, full of Love, full of Love, but full of Fears ; such words as may prevail, like

C.

A.  Pray'rs from a poor dy—ing Martyr's tongue, from a poor dy—ing Martyr's

B. Pray'rs from a poor dying Martyr's tongue, from a poor dying Martyr's, Martyr's togue, by the

C.

T

A. Tongue, by the sweet Voice of Pi—ty fung. Touch, touch with the

B. sweet Voice of Pi—ty fung, of Pi—ty fung. Touch, touch with the

C.

A. Voice the more in—chan—ting Lute, touch with the Voice the more in—

B. Voice, touch with the Voice the more in—chan—ting

C.

A. chan—ting Lute, to make the Charms strike,

B. Lute, the more in—chan—ting Lute, to make the Charms strike,

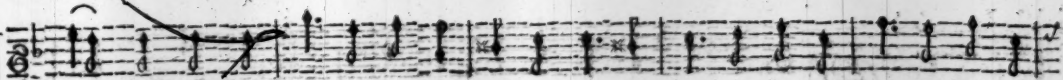
C.

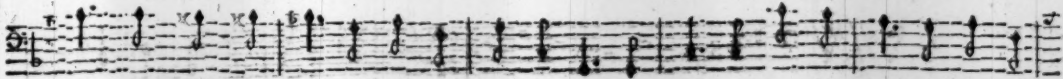
A. strike all Re—pul—ses mute: These may in—sen—si—bly impart, these may in—


B. strike all Re—pul—ses mute: These may in—sen—si—bly impart, these may in—sen—si—bly in—


C.





A.  sen—si—bly impart, my tender Wishes to her Heart, and by a sym—pa—the-tick

B.  part, my ten—der Wishes, tender Wishes to her Heart, and by a sym—pa—the-tick

C.  <sup>2</sup> <sup>2</sup>

A.  *Soft.* force, so tune its Strings to Love's Discourse; that when my Griefs com—pell a Groan, her

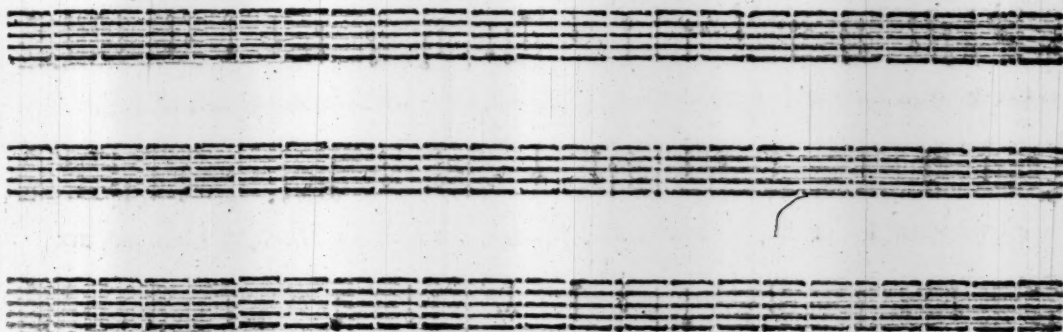
B.  *Soft.* force, so tune its Strings to Love's Discourse; that when my Griefs com—pell a Groan, her

C. 

A.  Sighs may Ec—cho, Ec—cho to my Moan.


B.  Sighs may Ec—cho, Ec—cho to my Moan.

C. 



A. 1. Voc. Altus &amp; Bassus, &amp; Continuo Basse.

A Song, Set by Dr. Blow.

A.  Hen I drink, my Heart is posselt, my Heart is pos-

B. When I drink, my Heart is posselt,

C.

A. fest, with a Joy that slides through my Breast; my Thoughts and my Fancy grow

B. with a Joy that slides through my Breast; my Thoughts and my Fancy grow fir'd,

C.

A. fir'd by the Wine, not the Mu-ses inspir'd; my Cares grow becalm'd when I drink, my

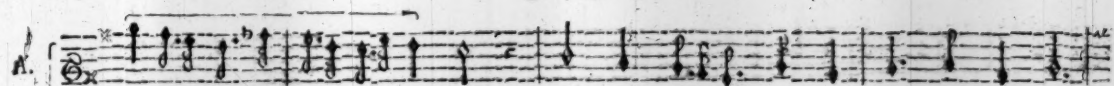
B. fir'd by the Wine, not the Muses inspir'd; my Cares grow becalm'd when I drink, my Cares grow be-

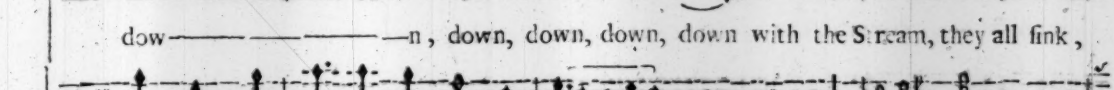
C.

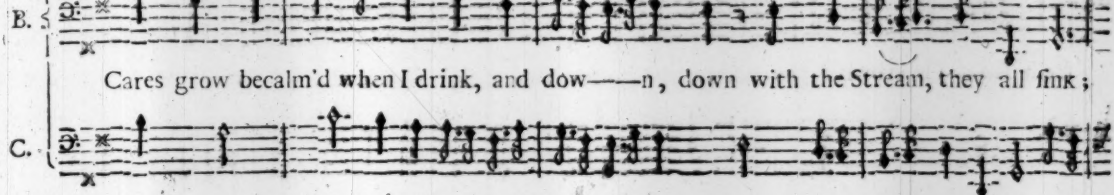
A. Cares grow becalm'd when I drink, and down, down with the Stream, they all sink, and

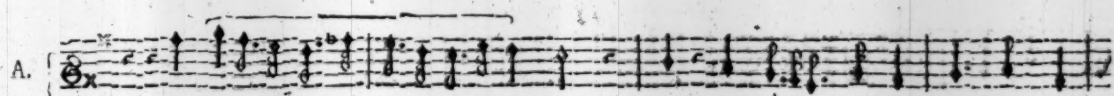
B. calm'd when I drink, and down, down, down with the Stream, they all sink; my

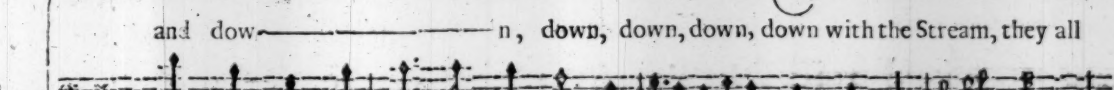
C.

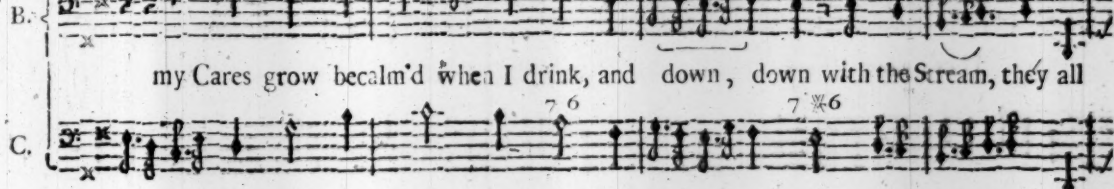
A.  dow———n, down, down, down, down with the Stream, they all sink,

B.  Cares grow becalm'd when I drink, and dow——n, down with the Stream, they all sink;

C. 

A.  and dow———n, down, down, down, down with the Stream, they all


B.  my Cares grow becalm'd when I drink, and down, down with the Stream, they all

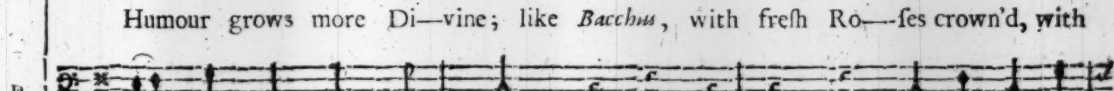
C. 

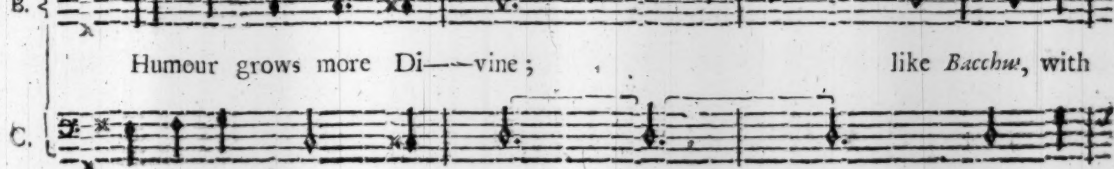
A.  sink. *Harps. bord.* The God I enjoy with the Wine, and my

B.  sink. The God I enjoy with the Wine, & my

C. 

A.  Humour grows more Di—vine; like *Bacchus*, with fresh Ro—fes crown'd, with

B.  Humour grows more Di—vine; like *Bacchus*, with

C. 



A.  fresh Ro—ses crown'd, the fragrant O—dours stea—ling rou—nd :

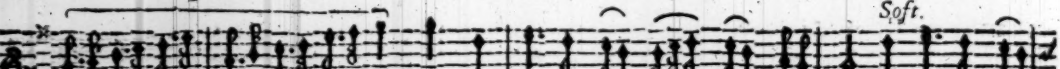
B.  fresh Ro—ses crown'd, the fragrant O—dours stealing rou—nd, stealing round :

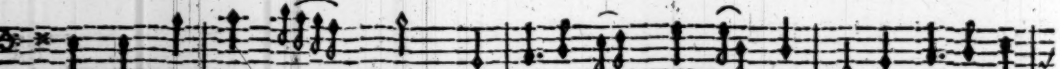
C. 

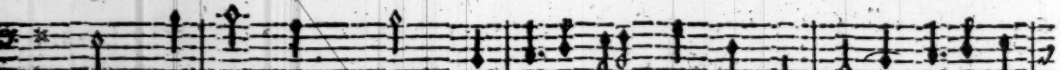
A.  Thus, thus I tri—umph a—bove all Strife, thus I

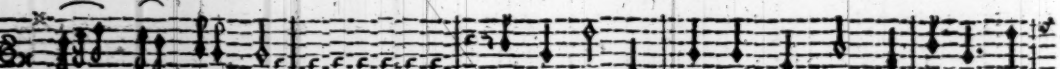
B.  Thus, thus I tri—umph, I tri—umph, I


C. 


A.  tri—umph, and sing the sweetness of this Life, and sing the sweet- *Soft.*

B.  triumph a—bove all Strife, and sing the sweetness of this Life, and sing the sweet-

C. 

A.  nefs of this Life. When I drink with Glasses full charg'd, my Spirits grow

B.  nefs of this Life. When I drink with Glasses full charg'd my Spirits grow

C.  *Harpichord.*

A. free, and en—lar ——— g'd; when I drink, my Spirits grow free, and en—

B. free, and en—lar ——— g'd; when I drink, my Spirits grow free, and en—

C. 7

A. larg'd, grow free and en—larg'd. Among Troops of Beauties I play, and

B. larg'd, grow free, and en—lar ——— g'd. Among troops of Beauties I

C. 7 6 3

A. rais'd a—bove thoughts of De—cay, and rais'd a—bove thoughts of De—

B. play, and rais'd above thoughts of Decay, and rais'd a—bove thoughts of De—

C.

A. cay. When I drink, I sing the soft Charms of Ve—nus, and clasp in my Arms my

B. cay. When I drink, I sing the soft Charms of Ve—nus, and clasp in my Arms my

C. 6

A.  Mistris, who then seems to me a Goddes too, as bright as she; who then seems to

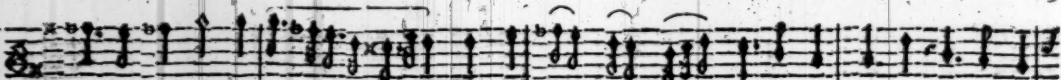
B.  Mistris, who then seems to me a Goddes too, as bright as she; who then seems to

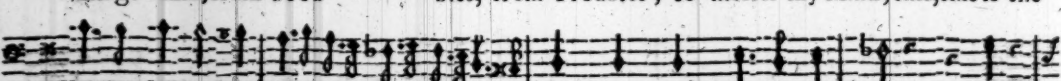
C. 

A.  me a Goddes too, as bright as she. When I drink, when I drink, th'ad-


B.  me a Goddes too, as bright as she. When I drink, when I drink, th'ad-


C.  *Harpfichord.*


A.  vantage I find, from Trou — bles, from Troubles, to shelter my Mind; this, this is the

B.  vantage I find, from Trou — bles, to shelter my Mind; this,


C.  2. 4


A.  Blessing alone, this, this is the Blef — ling a — lone, that we that live can call our


B.  this is the Blessing a — lone, this, this is the Blessing alone, that we that live can call our

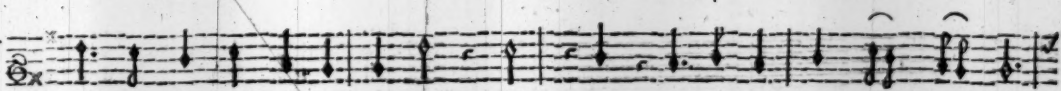
C. 





A.  own. You that seek more, tell me but why, tell me, tell me but why, since


B.  own. You that seek more, tell me but why, tell me but why, since

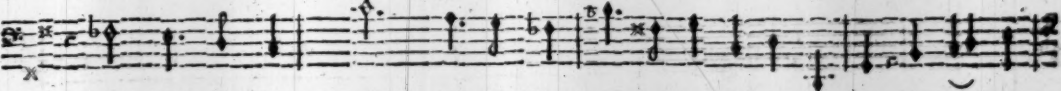
C. 


A.  all a—like must one day dye; all, all, all, all a—like must one day dye?

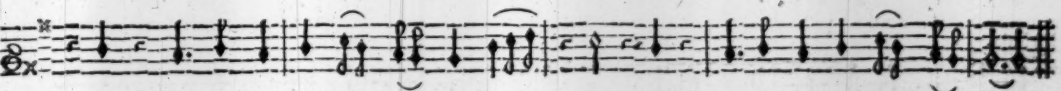
B.  all a—like must one day dye, since all a—like, all, all a—like must one day dye; all,


C. 

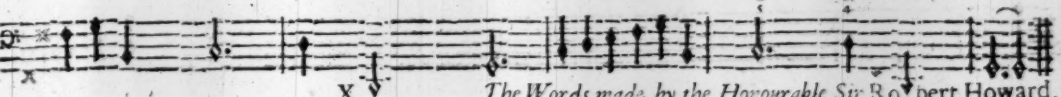
A.  You that seek more, tell me but why, since all alike must one day dye; all, all,

B.  all, all a—like, all, all a—like, all alike must one day dye; since all a—

C. 

A.  all, all alike must one day dye; all, all, all, all alike must one day dye.

B.  like, all, all a—like must one day dye; since all a—like, all, all a—like must one day dye.

C. 

X

The Words made by the Honourable Sir Robert Howard.

A Dialogue. Thirsis and Dorinda. [ 78 ]

Set by Mr. Matthew Lock.

Dorinda.

Altus.  
Bassus.  
Continuo.



Hen Death shall part us from these Kids, and shut up our di-*vi*-ded

A. *Lids, Tell me, Thirsis, praehee do! whither thou and I shall go?* *Ob! where is't?*

B. *To the E--li--zium.* *A chaft*

C. *7 6* *88*

A. *Dorinda.* *I know no way but one, our Home: Is our Cell E--li--zium?*

B. *Soul can never misfit.* *Turn thine Eye to yonder*

C. *4 3* *88*

A. *Sky, there the Milky-way doth lye; 'tis a sure, but rugged way, that leads to E-ver-la-*sting* Day:*




B. *6 6 6*


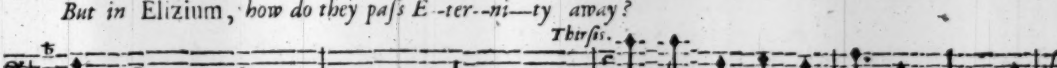
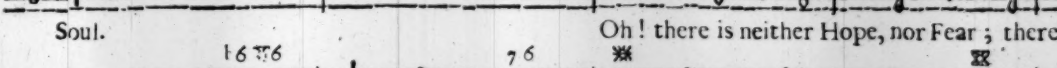
C. *6 6 6*


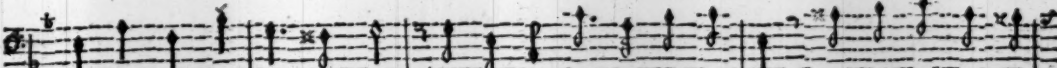
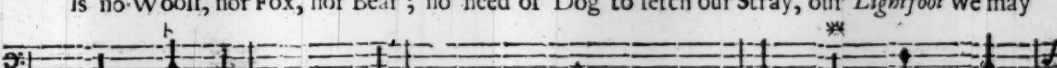
A. *Dorinda.* *There Birds may nest, but how shall I, that have no Wings, and can not fly!*



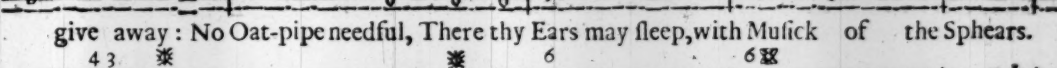
B. *Thirsis.* *Do not sigh, fair Nymph, for Fire has no*

C. *Thirsis.*

A.   
 B.   
 C.   
 Wings, yet doth aspire, 'till it hit against the Pole; Heav'n's the Cen-ter of the

A.   
 B.   
 C.   
 Dorinda.  
 But in Elizium, how do they pass E-ter-ni-ty away?  
 Soul. Oh! there is neither Hope, nor Fear; there

A.   
 B.   
 C.   
 is no-Woolf, nor Fox, nor Bear; no need of Dog to fetch our Stray, our Lightfoot we may

A.   
 B.   
 C.   
 Dorinda.  
 Oh  
 give away: No Oat-pipe needful, There thy Ears may sleep, with Musick of the Sphears.

A.   
 B.   
 C.   
 sweet! Oh sweet! how I my future State, by silent thinking, antedate! I prethee, let us spend our time to come in



A. *talking of E-li-zi-um.*

B. *Thirfs.*  
Then I'll go on. There Sheep are full of sweetest

C.

A.

B. *Grafs, and softest Wool: There Birds sing Comfort, Garlands grow; cool Winds do whisper,*

C.

A.

B. *Springs do flow: There always is a ri-sing Sun, and Day is e-ver but begun: Shepherds*

C.

A. *Dorinda.*  
*Ah me! Ah*

B. *there bear e-qual sway, and ev'ry Nymph's a Queen of May.*

C. *\* b*

A. *Dorinda.*  
*me!* *I'm sick, I'm sick, and fain wou'd dye! Convince me now, that this is*

B. *Thirfs.*  
*Do-rin-da! why dost cry?*

C. *76*

A. *true, by bidding with me all adieu.*

B. *I cannot live without thee, I'll be for thee, much more with thee dye.*

C.

CHORUS both together.

A. *Then let us give Clo-ril-lo charge o' th' Sheep, and thou and I'll pick Poppies, and them sleep in*

B. *Then let us give Clo-ril-lo charge o' th' Sheep, and thou and I'll pick Poppies, and them sleep in*

C.

A. *Wine, and drink on't e-ven 'till we weep, 'till we weep; so shall we smoothly*

B. *Wine, and drink on't e-ven 'till we weep, we weep; so shall we smoothly pass a-way,*

C.


A. *pass a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way in Sleep.*

B. *a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way in Sleep.*

C.

Empty musical staves for parts A, B, and C.



A.  O, perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re—turn; go, perjur'd

B. Go perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re—turn;

C.

A. Man, and if thou e—re return, to see the small Re-main-der of my Urn;

B. go, perjur'd Man, and if thou e're return, and if thou e're re—turn, to

C.

A. and if thou e're re—turn, re—turn; re—turn, to

B. see the small remainder of my Urn; and if thou e're re—turn, re—turn,

C.

A. see, to see the small re-main-der of my Urn. When thou shalt

B. to see, to see the small re-main-der of my Urn. When thou shalt

C.

A. laugh, shalt lau—gh at my Re-li-gious Dust, and ask where's now,

B. laugh, shalt lau—gh at my Re-li-gious Dust, and ask where's now the

C.



A. where's now the colour, form, and truth of Woman's Beauty? And per-

B. co-lour, form, and truth of Woman's Beauty? And perhaps with rude hands, with rude

C.

A. haps with rude, with rude hands, perhaps with rude hands, rife the Flours w<sup>ch</sup> the Virgins strew'd.

B. hands, and perhaps with rude hands, rife the Flours w<sup>ch</sup> the Virgins strew'd. Know I've pray'd to

C.

A. Know I've pray'd to Pi-ty, that the Wind may blow my Ashes up;

B. Pi-ty, that the Wind may blow my A-shes up; Know I've pray'd to

C.

A. know I've pray'd to Pi-ty, that the Wind may blow my Ashes up,

B. Pi-ty, that the Wind may blow my A-shes up, and strike thee blind; that the

C.

A. may blow my A-shes up, and strike thee blind.

B. Wind may blow my A-shes up, and strike thee blind.

C.



Love, that stronger art than Wine! Pleasing De—lu—-sion,



Witchery Divine; wont to be priz'd above all Wealth, Disease that ha—s more Joys than



Health: Tho' we blaspheme thee in our Pain, and of thy Ty-ranny complain, we all are



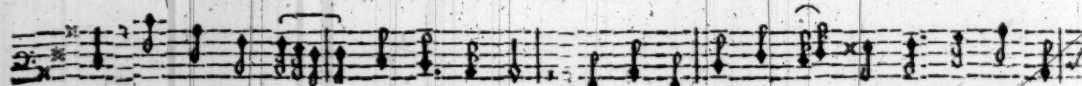
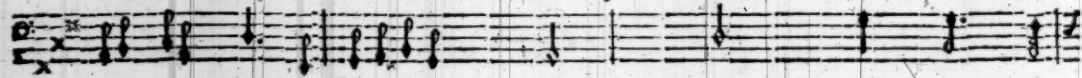
better'd by thy Reign, we all are better'd by thy Reign; what Reason ne—



—ver can bestow, w<sup>e</sup> to this useful Passion owe. Love wakes the Dull from sluggish



Ease, and learns a Clown the Art to please; humbles the Vain, kindles the



Cold, makes Misers free, and Cowards bold: 'Tis he reforms the Set from Drink, and teaches





Airy Fops to think; 'tis he reforms the Sor from Drink, and teaches Ai-ry Fops to think.



When full brute Ap-pe-tite is fed, and choak'd the Glutton lyes, and dead;



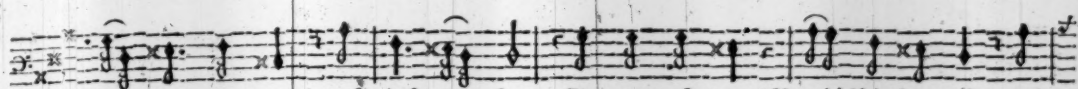
thou new Spirit dost dispence, and fi — ne, the gros de —



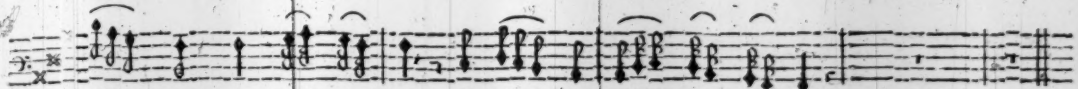
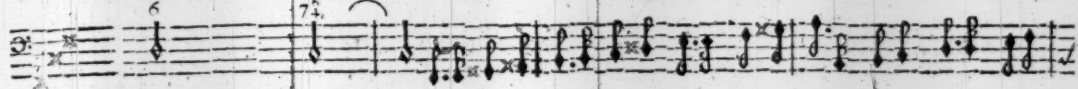
ligh — ts of Sence; Virtue's un-conqu'-ra-ble Aid, that against Nature can per-



swade; and make a Ro — ving Mind retire,



with-in the Bounds of just De-sire; Chearer of Age, Youth's kind unrest, and



half the Heav'n of the blest, and half the Heav'n of the blest.



Z.

These Words by Mr. Outley.



A Dialogue. Love and Despair. [ 86 ]

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

*Despair.*



Ence, fond De-cei-ver! hence, be gone! hence, and some to-mor Captive find;

since *Hope*, thy best Companion's flown away, why lingerest thou behind?

Naked at first, and blind thou wert, till blinder I allow'd thee, part, in my un-wa-ry hospi-

ta-ble Heart; but now thou'rt so un-ruly grown, you needs will make it all your

own, and in my vanquish'd Breast will Tyrannize alone. *Love.* Cease, cease, poor mis-

taken Wretch! and know I'll seek some braver nobler Breast; to some more generous Heart I'll

go, that will not blush to own its Guest; blind tho' I was, my aim was sure, yet won't thy

*Despair.*

coward Heart endure the hap—py wound, nor wait, nor wait the happier cure? Too

long have I en—dur'd the wound, too long indulg'd the ra—ging Pain; 'till I by sad experience

found, the wound too sure, the cure too vain: Then mighty *Love*, for such thou art, withdraw thy

fa—ral certain Dart, or else to both a mutual Flame impart, and warm Do-

*Love.*

rin—da's Breast, as thou hast fir'd my Heart. If then thou would'st vi—cto—rious prove,

and with success thy Wishes crown, with bold as—su—rance speak thy Love, and make thy

gen'—rous Passion known; when *Beauty* calls, to whine and dye, is Cowardice, not





Modesty: You by pale asking teach her to deny; and by your faint pursuit, encourage her to fly.



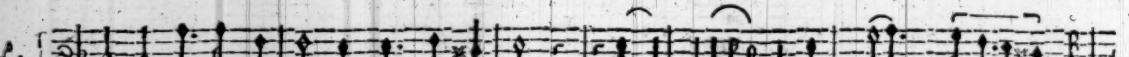
## CHORUS.



In vain, in vain, fond Lovers, in vain, of your Phil-lis's Scorn you complain; in vain do you



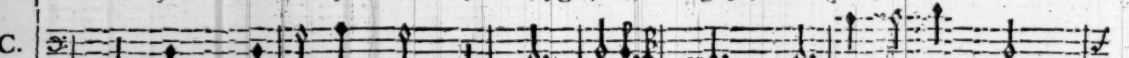
In vain, in vain, fond Lovers, in vain, of your Phil-lis's Scorn you complain;



talk, in vain do you talk, of Darts, and of Fire, sigh, languish, la-ment, and ex-



vain do you talk, in vain, of Darts, and of Fire, sigh, lan—guish, la—ment, and ex-



pire, since the Nymph dares not grant what you dare not desire: Whilst the brisk ea-ger Lover at his



pire, since the Nymph dares not grant what you dare not desire: Whilst the brisk ea-ger Lover at his



Prey bold—ly flies, and takes the glad Captive, and takes the glad Captive by wel—com surprise.



Prey bold—ly flies, and takes the glad Captive, and takes the glad Captive by wel—com surprise.



FINIS.